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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

"VAIN BABBLINGS INCREASE UNTO UNGODLINESS."

From The Christian (!) Intelligencer.

We had often seen "babbling" ending in contention, anger and violence. We have had "bitter experience" of the "bitterness" of "the unruly member," and have often known the strongest bonds of friendship broken by it, like Delilah's "bands of tow"; but it remained for John Brown, by his raid into Virginia, to convince us how much more there was in that simple sentence than we had ever before imagined. We had long been persuaded that the perpetual reprobation of slavery in certain quarters was only an exhibition of "vain babblings"; we knew that a great deal of this was of the most pitiful character, engendered by malice and selfishness, and persevered in disingenuously for personal advantage; we knew that where it was honest it was ignorant, and that most of it was for political effect; but we had not come to a comprehension of the amount of "ungodliness" which a pertinacious perseverance in the utterance of untruth and platitudes was capable of producing. We had heard our venerable preceptor comment on the credulity of mankind, and assert that if a man should stand in the streets, and, pointing to the heavens, assert that the moon was made of green cheese, giving out only phosphorescent light, and continue to do so for twenty-four hours, there would be, at the end of that time, twenty persons willing to believe him, and receive his "philosophic" explanation as the true one; but the malignity of credulity and the fierce blood-thirstiness of fanaticism were *new* to us. We stood amazed, and, in common with others, scarcely knew how to express our astonishment; and yet why need we have done so? Here the effect of such vain babblings is plainly foreseen and predicted.

The process seems to be something like this: The repetition of erroneous opinions, if persevered in, will ultimately gain the assent of many minds, inclined, from inactivity and imbecility, to take their creed upon trust; and now, when these opinions are opposed, conscious of their weakness and inability to maintain them by argument, they are inclined to employ violence. This is what we call malignant fanaticism, and it seems to be the province of error alone to produce it. Truth is confident. Strong in the clear conviction of right, it "bides its time," and is sure to conquer in the end. But error is timorous, self-distrusting and weak. When opposed, like the man on the wrong side of the argument, it grows angry, and is ready to fight; and when it has once tasted blood, there is no limit to its cruelty and violence. Imagination is appalled at the scenes of murder, rapine and violence, which must have been present to the mind of John Brown, as he was gradually maturing his plans of a servile insurrection, and preparing to enter upon their execution. Did he never think of the consequences? We honestly express our conviction in the negative; at least, he never thought of them as a *wrong*. His wild, malignant fanaticism blinded him to all the consequences, except those which his mind and sentiments approved. In this sense he was honest, as his friends claim for him; but it was the honesty of Tilleman, of Torquemada, of Pope Pius V., who planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew's; and to *such honesty* his admirers are soundandly welcome. "Let them take it, and make all of it they can. If he was a *Moses* to them, certainly we do not desire to receive his 'law,' or to have any part in his 'dispensation.'" We pity the mind capable of such an association, and regard it as better fitted to grace the departments of a lunatic asylum than to testify to synagogues and places of concourse where sane men do congregate.

And the men who manufacture an apostle out of a fanatic, and compare a blood-thirsty felon to the heaven-sent and heaven-commissioned leader of God's hosts, what shall we esteem them to be? How shall we regard their wild and mischievous utterings about this man? To justify a murder is to involve ourselves in the guilt of its perpetration; to defend it, is to make ourselves responsible for its repetition. If there should arise a second John Brown, the world will know who is responsible for his coming; and if the "vain babblings" uttered so zealously do not cease, there will be another, for it is their end to increase unto ungodliness.

DR. CHEEVER'S NEW WORK.

From The Christian (!) Intelligencer.

On first opening this volume, we felt disposed to call for a fan, lest its reflected heat might overcome the usual temperature of our mind. However, a short adventure into the burning regions of the author's arguments, denunciations, anathemas, execrations and vilifications, satisfied us that we could advance unharmed. And so we did, and we have escaped to tell the tale of marvellous deliverance. Technically and pragmatically considered, this book, of which the New York publishers have been so shy, is not the devouring monster feared. Imagination has, doubtless, magnified its terrors. It is not, in fact, so cuttingly sarcastic as the tirades of Wendell Phillips, Esq., nor so bombastically wicked as the leaders of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, nor so sublimely self-conceited as Theodore Tilton's decoctions and dilutions of abolitionism, nor so snappishly malignant as some diatribes of *The Tribune*, but it is Greekish, and Hebraistic, and logistic, and drum-stick ecclesiastic, compounded into a medley of argument, invective, exegesis and prothesis, all of which, each and singular, is designed to show, prove and demonstrate that a negro is a man, and should never be a chattel slave. In this grand conclusion (with Mr. Beecher's limitations) we profoundly agree with Dr. Cheever; and if he would leave the big words, and the long words, and the hard words of the dictionary where they belong, we are inclined to believe that he would find himself possessed of just such anti-slavery notions as are held by four-fifths of the Northern and two-fifths of the Southern people. Perhaps he might be reluctant to imitate Paul, and send back a runaway slave to some Southern Philemon; but probably his Church would do so, under a fair political pretext, as readily as they recently removed a colored auditor, for the gratification of their prejudices, from the Sabbath congregation.

We suspect that this book is designed for Southern circulation; and if Mr. Phillips and Mr. Tilton, who carried the dead Brown to his grave, would carry this living epistle to the live men of the South, and work as faithful colporteurs among their Southern brethren, on a fair salary to be paid by the Boston Tract Society, who can tell what good they might do? But in this benighted city, where Dr. Cheever has so loudly complained of its cotton conscience, what can be expected from one little book?

We have a word of regret. Dr. Cheever is, as all who know him personally will say, one of the most amiable, gentle and charming of men. His learning, his evangelical spirit, his pure and noble purposes, his real devotion to what he regards as true and right, all admire. He is truly a man to be loved. And yet he has contrived to earn, or has submitted to the necessity of receiving, a reputation for violence of temper, rancor of spirit, and malignant persistency in argument, which he never had when walking with Bunyan's Pilgrim, or tracing the windings of the river of life, or singing in melodious prose from Alpine heights; for then Dr. Cheever was himself. But, alas! the demon of abolitiopism has spoiled a pot of precious ointment, and robbed the world of thoughts pregnant with Miltonic sweetness and force.

POLITICS IN PETTICOATS.

From The New Haven Register.

One of the most heartless movements of the Abolitionists, and their Black Republican allies (and it is the latest), is to use the names and the hands of silly women to blazon forth their "bloodthirsty benevolence," in the hope that what comes from the gentler sex will be more apt to make an impression than if it went in the name of Phillips or Garrison, Seward or Greeley. It was in that way that the managers procured Mrs. or Miss Lydia Maria Child to address a letter (published in advance through the newspapers) to Gov. Wise, of Virginia, avowing herself to be an Abolitionist, but asking to be permitted to go to the jail in Charlestown, and nurse and comfort the prisoner John Brown, during his confinement, and preparatory to punishment for the four murders committed by him and those under his command. Those who got up the letter had not the most distant idea that the request would be granted. They expected and hoped for a refusal—and then they would have made the welkin ring with their anathemas upon Gov. Wise, and the whole South, and the "peculiar institutions" of the Southern country, that could see the kind feelings of such a benevolent lady thwarted and cruelly crushed. But, to the great disappointment of the men who were using this lady's name, Gov. Wise responded immediately to the request, and offered every facility in his power to forward the apparent wishes of the writer. His letter was at once courteous, kind, and thoroughly manly and honorable. It was commended for its kindness, benevolence, and good sense, even by many, if not most, of the Republican papers that published it. It now turns out that this lady had no more idea of going to Virginia, to take care of Old Brown, than she had of going to the North pole, to look after the remains of Sir John Franklin. Instead of doing an act of kindness to an imprisoned man, she was only trifling with his feelings—holding out hopes of comfort and solace to him, when he should see her letter in the newspapers, only to be disappointed. The whole thing was got up in the hope of making political capital, no matter whose feelings were trifled with. Instead of going to Virginia, after the Governor had offered to do all in his power to throw the prison doors wide open to her mission, she comes out with a column and a half of vituperation and abuse; evidently showing that she had been from the first used as a cat's paw, and, cat-like, she now makes known her disappointed rage, in spitting out harmless spite. Even the eulogist of Washington, and his patriotic and benevolent efforts, are spoken of as "the crawling sinuosities of an Everett"—and the high-minded and brilliant Choate [Webster] is assailed in his grave as a "magnificent hound," trained to hunt "poor cripples," and then "sneaking into a corner to die." This venomous and disgraceful epistle is, of course, eagerly copied into the Black Republican papers, and the writer (and she is but the mere writer for mischievous men) is praised and glorified, as one of the brightest lights of the age.

Selections.

A PLEA FOR THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.*

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. PHILLIPS—having been introduced to his crowded and eager auditory by Mr. THEODORE TILTON, who alluded to the difficulties that had been encountered in procuring a place for the delivery of the lecture, and to the threats of disturbance excited or encouraged by the denunciations of a venal press and the refusal of the Trustees of Plymouth Church to open their house after the Trustees of the "Tabernacle" had violated their engagement with the Committee—was received with loud demonstrations of applause. He spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I see no reason why the announcement that the subject of an address would be to consider the dissolution of the Union should occasion any trouble, or give any one any offence. What are we all? Americans, with only one object—the welfare of thirty millions of people; thinking men, with one great purpose—the success of this magnificent experiment of self-government. There is the basis of every man's civil life. Now, if one man thinks there is one road to that goal, and another man differs and selects a different route, if each is fully persuaded in his own mind, should there be any tenderness and sensitiveness about the discussion of a great public question? it would look as if there existed somewhere a half-conscious doubt of the actual value of the Union. This is a timid, sensitive, shrinking, cautious, cowardly attempt to shelter the question from discussion. Every speech is full of eulogies of the Union. When a man is perfectly well, he does not go about the street saying "I am well." Astor never went up and down Wall street asking his neighbors to indorse his solvency. They knew he was solvent. He wrote his name, and from here to Calcutta it was enough. If he had asked *The New York Tribune*, and *Herald*, and *Times*, to publish that he was solvent, his notes would have been at a discount that very day. I have a little suspicion in regard to this sensitiveness to the discussion of the Union, and this continual, incessant, importunate eulogy that meets us in every political address. The earth stands. It does not need a meeting at Castle Garden to resolve that the earth shall stand. God fixed the laws of gravity, and that is enough. I doubt, therefore, much whether these enthusiastic apostles believe what they would have us to understand.

> He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who fears to put it to the touch,
> To gain or lose it all.

Now, when I come here to discuss the Union, what is the question? Why, when they launched the Great Eastern, you know she had two magnificent, immense engines on board, each the work of a different shop, each under the control of its maker; of course one the sworn rival of the other; and when the right-hand engine went forward, the left backed water, and the ship sank in the trough. We stand just there, politically, to-day. An irrepressible conflict between two great systems united in thirty-three States—by the verdict of the wisest statesmen, an irrepressible conflict. One man says they can both be good, and go together; and the other man says take out one, they never can be made to go together. Why should not they be heard? (Cheering.) "Science," says Lord Bacon, "lights her torch at every man's candle." In the great, momentous issue of a self-governing and thoughtful people, every man should be diligent to have an opinion, and bold to utter it. That is all we claim to-night, the whole of it. Which way shall the problem be settled? If the argument rests on the other side, there will go the million. If it rests with us, hither will come the public thought. You may say, from Paradise down to to-day, that two and two make five, but it will not alter the weight of the planet Jupiter any more than grasshoppers chirping in a meadow. If I am right, the next generation will think with me. How absurd that, in a government based on ideas, referring itself to conscience, governed by opinion, men should set themselves up to be afraid of every discussion; and besides, if the argument stands as it is alleged, a Union resting on thirty millions of happy people, princely merchants, reverend divines, grave statesmen, can it be injured by the reckless words of one unpopular man? (Great applause.) Why do I speak to you to-night in regard to the American Union? Friends, I have no interest in the American Union, except as an anti-slavery matter. I have no interest in the civil affairs of your thirty-three States, except as they affect the anti-slavery issue. I have no greater, no more imperative duty, no greater purpose in life than to lift the prostrate race, so far as God gives me the means, into education, liberty, and their rights (cheers). Now, if the American Union stands betwixt me and that object, I curse it; if it does not, if I can reach my purpose, and save all that you would save—your cherished institutions—it is a matter of the utmost indifference to me. I acknowledge, however, that I love justice and liberty more than human institutions. No parchment, however sacred, no machinery of government, however venerable, is anything to me compared with the rights of the lowest individual that walks on the surface of our thirty-three States. I do not like Mr. Seward's motto. There is something in phrases. We mourn the statesman of Marshfield in his great fall of the 7th of March, 1850, but even he said "Liberty and Union," putting Liberty first and Union afterward. The Republican representative of 1860 says the Republicans swear to the Union, and link to it the idea of Liberty. I do not like the collocation. It is significant of a perspective which I distrust. But, ladies and gentlemen, what is the slave system? Four millions, a race, robbed of their rights, herded with the brutes; father with no children, husband with no wife, wife with no children; denied the Bible by a statute, herded in promiscuous concubinage by law; to teach them to read, an indictable offence; prostitution the legal fate of every sixth woman in the Republic. That is the slave system. Why does it exist in these States? Go from the North pole to the Southern cape, there is only one spot except ours that has not yielded up the system to the spirit of the age—Brazil. With that exception, Mexico, and every South American Republic, has gotten rid of slavery. As Mr. Seward has pointed out, and as the Abolitionists have been saying for ten years, this result is all the more remarkable, because the spirit of the age is against us. Europe, for the last generation, has been lifting off chains, melting fetters, elevating the laboring classes into civil rights. The whole channel of the last century is worn deep with the steps of popular progress and elevation. Far east as Russia the despot bends from his throne to take off chains. No nation in Europe, no matter how much the victim of a corrupt faith or of an aristocratic government, exists that has not relieved the people, that has not gone stride after stride in favor of popular rights. Despotism is written all over with revolution in favor of the people. In 1776 we set the text for this progress of the race on both sides of the ocean. We commenced it; our trumpet-notes rung out to the enslaved millions the hope and the promise of redemption more or less immediate. The moment we had placed down the corner-stone of our institutions, and the whole world began to move in that direction, we changed our own course. Slavery, which was weak, odious, confined, and repudiated, sprang into new life. Three or four hundred thousand slaves then; now four millions. Jefferson, Washington, Wythe, Lee, were abolitionists, and we are told to-day, by the young men of Richmond, that Thomas Jefferson could not live in the Old Dominion if he existed at this hour. What has created this change? Mr. Seward points it out in his speech. Where did it originate? In Europe, and in all the rest of the continent, there is liberty; here only slavery. There has been no change in the elements which go to make up a national character except the Constitution of 1787. Am I wrong? Show me the fallacy of attributing that result to the newly formed machinery of government. Well, again; take that same speech of Mr. Seward's. I take it not because it is novel, but because you will allow it is masterly, because you will allow it is deliberate, because no man can dispute it is historically accurate. Mr. Seward has stated with consummate and comprehensive terseness the history of this government. He makes it out a failure up to this movement. He says the fathers compromised on the slave element. They made three distinct elements of compromise: They allowed the slaveholders to represent their slaves; they allowed the toleration of the slave trade; they allowed the recapture of fugitive slaves. So the States from that time commenced a struggle between Slavery and Liberty, and, according to his own showing, in every one of the fights, Slavery, up to this moment, has been victorious. Now, ladies and gentlemen, governments are not made. They grow. Governments are not an artificial machinery. They are the results of civil life, wealth, thoughts, habits, blood; these make governments. Tell us what the wealth, habits, blood and education of a people are, and a thoughtful man can shape out for you the palpable form of their government as much as Cuvier could tell you the habits of an animal if you showed him its anatomy. Governments grow. According to Mr. Seward, this government has been growing. Its organic life has been going on seventy years. What is the result? Incessant victory on the slave side. He tells you the reason. One reason is, he says, the people have been deluded with the idea that their Union is in danger, and they have sacrificed justice and liberty in order to save that loved Union from the aggressive spirit of the Capital States. Mr. Seward cannot say Slave States, as Daniel Webster said. We do not know any man that has debts now; he has liabilities (laughter). There is no grog in New York; only stimulants. So there are no Slave States in the Union; only Capital States. Well, according to Mr. Seward, the only cause that he gives for this incessant defeat of Liberty is a credulous belief of the Disunion propensity of the Capital States—an oversensitive desire to avoid the danger—an inordinate love of the Union. What is his remedy? "Love the Union better." How does he end his speech? The eulogy of the Union. The cauldron has been turned and stirred for sixty years. The result, poison! Does he put in any new element? Is there any wholesome potion infused? None. What was the bitterest element of the draught? Too much love of the Union. Add to it! And that is what is called statesmanship (great laughter and applause). In Dean Swift's matchless satire, you know, the traveller met a man engaged for forty years in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers (laughter). Said he, "Have you succeeded?" "Not yet; but only grant me a year or two more, and additional funds, and I have no doubt I shall succeed" (repeated laughter). The lover of the Union puts the parchment on the table. He says—so Mr. Seward terms it—it is so perfect that the hands that made it are almost divine. They could not be better. The charter of your voyage is almost from heaven. We started with Jefferson and Wythe, the spirit of those mighty statesmen making Virginia tremble for her right to sell human flesh. John Jay brooded over New York with his angel wings. Sam Adams thundered in Faneuil Hall. The enthusiasm of the revolution launched the ship of State. We went on seventy years. We clutched Florida from Spain, and doomed it to slavery. We bought Louisiana from Napoleon, and stamped it with bondage. We stole Texas from Catholic Mexico, and put back slavery upon its free soil. We outraged every principle of Saxon justice with the Fugitive Slave bill. We trampled on the Constitution itself in the Dred Scott decision. Our ablest statesman stands, in 1860, and tells us the history, and we ask, what is your remedy? "Shut your eyes," plunge headlong. And when a private man of hated lips suggests that it might be well to consider whether we had not started wrong, he is a traitor. He must not have a public hall. He must not be heard. Well, now, fellow-citizens, that is exactly the state in which we meet to-night. Mark me, I am not blaming William H. Seward. He is a representative man, the ablest statesman, the boldest that we have got (great applause), the foremost man of eighteen States. What can any of his friends suggest before I pass, a moment, to the direct argument that I wish to present to you? Why, they would undoubtedly say, you do injustice to Mr. Seward. That speech of his is the simplest programme of a politician. He spoke at Rochester his real heart. He uttered in 1858, in Ohio, his full belief when he said, "Slavery is a sin and an evil, and must be abolished; and you and I must abolish it." Well, I know he did, I know he did, and that makes that speech all the more remarkable. He cannot afford to utter what he then did. He would not be available if he was an Abolitionist. You have got a Constitution under which the leading men and the first Presidents of your country avowed themselves Abolitionists—Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry, Wythe, Lee, Jay, the leading men of the Revolutionary period, hastened, before they went down into their graves, to carve in enduring granite the record that they were Abolitionists. They drifted sixty years on your sacred and almost divine sea of the Union, and the man who makes his bid for the Presidency seals his fate if he is an Abolitionist, and his friends excuse him on the ground that he ought to conceal it. I know he ought to. But turn round and look at the other side. What is the public opinion which your Union has produced; that makes such a condition of things necessary? Am I wrong in saying that it is a pro-slavery influence? No man dares to say he is an Abolitionist. The first thing a new member of Congress says, when he rises on the floor, is, "Mr. Speaker, I am not an Abolitionist" (laughter and applause). Now, let us turn aside a moment. What has the Union done? There is no mystery about the Union. It is a piece of parchment laid up at Washington, written in fair text hand, all correct—every i dotted, and every t crossed. It is the agreement of three millions of people how they should be governed. That is the Constitution. Our fathers made, and you may go look at it (applause). Well, now, what has it done? I am an American as well as you. I know the history, exactly as you do, of sixty years. Let us weigh it. What is the great object of government? Watch me carefully, and see if I attempt to mislead you. I have no wish to make a speech; I certainly have no wish to cheat one of you into an hour's delusion. I have not laid twenty-five years on the altar of Slavery and unpopularity in order to deceive you for an hour. My object, fellow-citizens, in coming here to-night is to endeavor to add an atom, a trifle, a something to the weight of public opinion. I believe it is the ultimate final king of this country, public opinion. You may build your capitol of granite, and grout it with iron, and the pulsation of a girl's heart will wear it down, only give her time enough. I believe in sentiment, and that as the only influence immortal in this world of ours. I want to stir those pulses, to hasten them. That is my only object to-night. Now, what is the object of government? To protect person and property, and to secure to every man the easy, safe utterance of all he thinks. Is not that the whole function of a government? Save your life, save your property, give expansion to your mind—that is all. Now, what has the Union done for you? Are your lives any safer in this city that James Buchanan reigns at Washington? Are your title deeds to the Fifth Avenue any better because South Carolina buys negroes? Property there is all the same. The right of locomotion: can you and I go to Savannah to-night? Suppose we did. Suppose you entered your name as a member of Ward Beecher's Church, Brooklyn. I think if you had your life insured, the office would think you had forfeited the policy (applause and laughter). There is no right of locomotion, therefore, in the matter. Well, now, as to the utterance of opinions: suppose you stood in Charleston to-night. How long should I be permitted to make this speech? How long would you be permitted to listen to it? Well, there is nothing gained there, then. Strike off property, strike off life, strike off freedom of opinion. Come home again: Does the existence of the Union make the utterance of opinion any safer in New York? When I was mobbed ten years ago in the Tabernacle, do you suppose it was New York that mobbed me? No, indeed. It was the South; it was the Union. It was a remark in regard to the President of the United States that stirred the zeal of Capt. Rynders. He could not bear to let us criticize the Union. When Dr. Dewey, on the other side of the ferry, thought he could return his mother to slavery to save the Union, do you think he did it out of regard to the Northern States? Are the pulpit and the press any freer because the Union exists? Is a young man any more free to choose his mode of life because the Union exists? The other day a boy in the cars came along with *The N. Y. Times* to sell, and offered it to a passenger. "No," said he, "I don't want it—no; come back, boy; is it Republican to-day or Democratic?" (Applause, long continued.) Is that in consequence of the Empire State or the Union? Now, I mean exactly what I say. I am trying to find out what the Union has done for us. I have heard say she has made the material prosperity of the States greater. They say she has made commerce broader, deeper, more remunerative. Well, I don't quite allow it; I don't agree to it. I don't believe Massachusetts makes money because South Carolina sells negroes. Emerson says there is more brains in a Yankee's hand than in any other body's head. That is where our commerce comes from. I think it is Anglo-Saxon blood. I think it is the energy and enterprise of the race that planted these Northern States that makes this material prosperity. That blood in Holland first created a country, and then, standing on piles, called commerce into being. That blood in England, with just territory enough to separate her eastern from her western harbors, monopolized commerce for centuries. Who shall say that the same blood, with New England and New York for an anchorage, could not gather the wealth of the Western hemisphere? Who shall say that the Mississippi valleys enrich us because they wish to, and not because we compel them? While our blood is Anglo-Saxon, and our nerves are steel, New York and New England, united or disunited, are the brains of North America, and, harnessing steam and lightning to their car of conquest, will double the wealth of every acre of her prairies, cover the ocean with their commerce, and drag the wealth of half the world into their harbors (applause). But I am willing to yield the point. I will grant, if you please, that commerce is the child of the Union. What have you got? You have sacrificed the integrity of your pulpit and the purity of your church. You have got commerce; you have got the dollar; you have sacrificed the man. Nobody will compare the statesmanship of to-day with the Washingtons and Jays of the Revolutionary period. Nobody will compare the pulpits of to-day with the Hopkinses and the Edwardses of sixty years ago. That is the change which the Union has made. Now, it seems to me that we have got a little estimate of the Union. That is her value. Grant her all she claims. Let her flag float over the millions, the swelling millions of prosperity, but literature droops, religion hangs its head, and statemanship trails in the dust. I do not exaggerate. Now, you ask me, What do you propose? I propose to look for a moment at how the Union supports slavery, and in those reasons I want to show you the reason why I wish to get rid of the Union. In the first place, it degrades public opinion. The Northern man, the Northern statesman, is obliged to curb his thought. I said just now that Mr. Seward, in his speech, suggests no remedy. He does not. I do not misrepresent him. He suggests nothing. He only says, There is the past. Hope for the future; no ground, no argument, no suggestion whatever. I will find one for you. It is this: Outside of politics, behind it, in those ulterior purposes, in those hidden wishes of the Republican party, which he denies, which the South charges him with, and which he repudiates—outside there is a public opinion, in Ohio, in Massachusetts, in New York, there is a public opinion which knows that that speech does not represent it; a public opinion which says, Union or no Union, law or no law, the fugitive slave shan't go back (applause). Well, now, whence came that public opinion? It came from the agitation outside of politics, from just such speeches as I am making to-night. It came from politicians and Abolitionists who said—what Mr. Seward cannot say, cannot say on the floor of the Senate—we mean to reach slavery and strangle it (applause). Out of that has flowed public opinion and agitation, which have produced the only reliable, the only hopeful, the only possible element that can ever achieve the safety of the Union from becoming a slavocracy and a despotism. There is such an opinion created by men who have lived, labored and cemented the Union. John Quincy Adams said to Charles Sumner, who stood by his sick bed: "I want to go back to Washington." "What for?" asked the young statesman. "I want to go back to Washington and show this Mr. Daniel Webster that there is something more valuable than the Union, and that is the liberty and the justice which it was made to secure" (applause). Out of that tone of sentiment there has come a public opinion, outside of Republicaniem, which affords at least a plausible hope that you cannot get rid of slavery without a dissolution of the Union. I want to look at it. I have no hostility to the Union. I don't stand here so foolish as to attempt to prophesy that there is no way to get rid of slavery except by a dissolution of the Union. I cannot see forward. The past is the lamp by which I guide my steps for the future. The Slave Power on the one side uniformly successful up to this moment; public opinion upon the other. What is the Slave Power? In the first place, it is two thousand millions of collars invested in one kind of property. You know the power of money. This is the age of money—the age of the supremacy of money. Two thousand millions of dollars in a nation aptly described as loving a guinea so much that they would leap over the opening of hell to get at it! Two thousand millions of dollars! More than that, held by whom? Not a million of the people, but a concentrated small number of educated men. Concentrated power is doubled. Again, it is a kind of property alien to the spirit of the age; against which its holders know all the tendencies of the nineteenth century are pitted. They are fighting, therefore, with the energy of despair. Andrew Jackson was the most popular man, since Washington, this generation ever saw. He had behind him the strongest party that this generation ever knew when he flung down the gauntlet to the United States Bank, with fifty millions capital. Then the struggle came. You know how the Union writhed beneath it; how, for a long time, the scales hung doubtful which way the triumph would be. Fifty millions with the sympathy of the cities of the seaboard on its side, and against it the popularity of Andrew Jackson and the Democratic party in the full flush of success. To-day, we have got two thousand millions of dollars, producing a thousand million pounds of cotton, the basis of the commerce of the Union, and, as *The London Times* says, too important a product to be interfered with by the philanthropy of anybody. That is the first strand in the cable. That is the house of Rothschild, which says to Europe, "Be King, Napoleon!" That is the money power. What is the second? Why, we have given to that same body of slaveholders an aristocracy such as Vienna does not know. We have given them the right to represent their property. Take a town of three thousand inhabitants in Long Island or Connecticut. They will be on the alert from now to November; they will have newspapers, caucusses, eloquent speeches, and waste a great deal of time, and then go up and deposit four or five hundred votes, and will think they have done a great deal. Four or five men in South Carolina, like Governor Aiken, will ride leisurely to the ballot-box and annihilate that town. Five men will do more than two-thirds of the towns of Massachusetts. And yet you call that a Republic. That is the house of Hapsburg. And what is the third strand? The hatred of the negro. I stood the other day in Cooper Institute, and was trying to prove that John Brown had a right to help the slaves of Virginia. I compared him to Lafayette helping our fathers, to Byron, Kosciusko, and one of the audience called out, "Oh, its exactly so, but he helped niggers!" The argument didn't suit. Now, that is the third strand. I will accept the two thousand millions of dollars, and the aristocracy of the South, and I will strangle them for you if you will give me four millions of white slaves. For there is, rightfully or not, such a hatred of wealth and aristocracy in the heart of the original Saxon democrat, that there is nothing he likes better than strangling both. Put a rich corporation before a jury and the poor man, and there is no matter whether that corporation has got justice or not, they will have no verdict. You know the power of money. The Central Railroad is the State of New York, the Camden and Amboy is the State of New Jersey. Two centuries ago New England starts off from Old England with certain ideas, levelling ideas—universal suffrage, free church, &c. We have gone ahead, until to-day we are Massachusetts. England remains England, with the same ideas, and with aristocratic wealth and chains, and she is about a hundred years behind. That is the way ideas fight institutions. Now, this public opinion will take a century or two—by all past experience it will take about a century to abolish slavery against the government held by the Slave Power. As I said, governments grow; they are not made. Just imagine the State of New York, with all her banks, factories, railroads, leading men, united in a partnership against the people. You conquer in the end. Ideas would conquer in the end. I have seen the palace of the Cæsars, made of stones, half as large as this room, grouted together as if by iron. But the tiny weeds of an Italian summer had got in between them, and to-day they lie a mass of ruins. Your government will go to pieces before the sentiment of a people in the same way, but it will take a thousand years to do it. That is the reason why I propose you should break up the Union and get the elements on your side. Goethe says, if you plant an oak in a china vase, one of two things must happen: either the vase must be broken or the oak be dwarfed. Mr. Seward is for saving the vase; I am for saving the oak. How does the Union help slavery? Let me tell you. In the first place, you have got a little girl or boy at home. When he or she puts her hand in the fire, what takes place? It burns. That is God's way of teaching her not to put her hand in the fire. That is natural law. Now, when one man tramples on another, and steals his wife and babies, what is the natural law? Why, he ups and knocks him down. I don't say that is sainthood; it is manhood. Jeremy Bentham says, in his profoundest of treatises, that the aristocracy have never surrendered a right that was not bullied out of them. God's way of protecting a class is by letting their forces protect themselves. Now, South Carolina puts her heel on one-half of her population. What is God's will? That that half should rise up and fight for their liberty. Why don't they? Because we stand here, a police, to prevent it. Mr. Underwood of Kentucky says, addressing the North, "We owe to you a permanent safeguard. But for you we have two millions of slaves ready to rise at the first tap of the drum." I think that is a compliment, over the left. As a descendant of the Puritans, I don't relish it. I am the police. We keep quiet on the plantation. I don't think that is what I was born for. I don't think that is what they pledged themselves to in 1776. Now, why should you not let the system be subject to God's natural laws, and not keep the black race below the white one? Is that the Union that your moral sense approves? Mr. Seward says that in that alleged compromise they agreed that the fugitive slave should be returned to his master? I once travelled along the northern bank of the Ohio. Although I was going to the gayest of all welcomes and the heartiest, I could not but see on the one side Kentucky. Below me was a little shrunken stream that a child might almost have paddled across. I saw on the other side of it a slave dragging his weary step to his labor, and I said to myself, is that thread of water what really keeps Kentucky slaves in their chains? And then I turned to the farm-houses of Ohio, and remembered that the impassable gulf was not the Ohio river; it was the oath of Ohio that she would return every slave who set his foot upon her soil. Mr. Seward regards the slave clause as binding. Do you think he would obey it? Not for the love of the millions who hang upon his lips—not for ten thousand times a more gorgeous baubie than that for which his speech is a bid would William H. Seward lift his hand to return a fugitive slave to Virginia (great applause). You applaud it—and yet what a compliment it is! It is only fair; it is only a deserved compliment for us to believe of our greatest statesman that when he swore to support the Constitution, he intended to commit perjury in that particular. I am not exaggerating; if I had stood here to-night to affirm in your presence that the great statesman of the Empire State would have obeyed that clause, you would have flashed back upon me, rightfully, the epithet of slanderer! I am obliged to believe, judging by the record of his life, by the testimony of his fellow-citizens, that the very Constitution which he has sworn scores of times to support—that very Constitution which he says comes from hands almost divine—that when he swore to support it, he intended to commit perjury. Is that the Union to which you can welcome men when they get to be 21 years old? It seems to me not. I would like to vote. I would like to add my weight to the civil influence of my country directly. Show me how I can without jeoparding my self-respect, without swearing an oath which you know I would not and ought not to keep, and I will vote for William H. Seward for the Presidency to-morrow. And yet I'd rather see a Democrat President (laughter), and I will tell you why. If there is a Republican elected in 1860, you will be looking to the Administration—you will all be waiting to see what law can do—what Liberty, fettered, can do against Slavery at large. Agitation will be lulled; everything like free and unfettered action will cease. Let Douglas or a Democrat be elected, and every man in the free States will arm himself for a struggle with the Slave Power; and insurrection will break out on the mountains, and insurrection of thought in the pulpits, and we shall have greater anti-slavery progress in four years than in forty under such a programme as that of Seward's administration. Again: there is another law of the United States. Slavery is an expensive, wasteful institution. It cannot live. God fixed it that justice should be expedient, and wickedness should be bankrupt. He fixed that when He settled the laws of His Kingdom. Therefore when a man assumes to rob his brother man, in the first place that man resists by the right of insurrection. Mark you, I am not asking the slave to rise; I am not urging him to rise; I only say, Take off your foot, and leave them, the Anglo-Saxon and the African, to write out their own constitution by the vigor of their own manhood. But in addition, there is the pecuniary motive. South Carolina, for instance, stands in the keen competition of the nineteenth century. We, all of us, we strive to get our living; we exercise our brains to the utmost; we harness the steam, and send the lightning on errands; the little child does something, and the man of 80 contributes his mite. We all work. New York works from the Hudson back to the Falls, and, when she has eaten and clothed herself, how much does she lay up? Four per cent. Now, South Carolina has one-half idle, by aristocratic taste and fashion; the other half, in chains, does not work from any motive but compulsion, and, of course, at disadvantage. The consequence is, there is not one man in four in South Carolina working to-day; the other three-quarters live upon the unskilled labor of one. How much do you suppose they lay up? Why, as the Irishman said, they lay up a loss (laughter). And suppose, as they threaten, they should go out of the Union, as Lydia Maria Child said, you have heard, perhaps, of the town's poor separating from the town. That is South Carolina's proposition (laughter). But, suppose that they went out. They have got to support a government, a President, generals, police, navy, army—the luxury of a government. Why, a democratic government is infinitely more expensive than a despotic. The government of Russia does not cost half as much per head as the Republic of North America. In order to do it, they have got to have taxes. What are they to rest on? Labor—all taxes do. Now, that labor, if capable of bearing taxes, must be intelligent. If it is unskilled, they could not send a pound of cotton to Liverpool for less than 18 or 20 cents. To-day the dispute is going on in everything. That man's labor, to be worth anything, I must educate him. Educate him! Educate the slave! My throat is not safe. Educate the slave? You might heat a locomotive red-hot, get on the top, and ride into a powder magazine; you would be a prudent man compared with educating slaves. And South Carolina must do it before she can support a government. Leave her to this just law of political economy. My good friend, the slave does not ask your aid. Take your awkward Yankee proportions, Republican or Democrat, out of the light; that is all he asks. Just tear that parchment to pieces (hisses and applause). Well, now, I've a great deal more patriotism than you have—a great deal. I believe that George Washington and John Hancock, and John Jay and John Randolph, I believe that when they sat and made that instrument, they intended what they say they intended—Liberty! (Applause; "That's the talk.") I believe that if you could raise them to-day from their graves, and show them that speech of William H. Seward's, they would say: Children, for God's sake, believe that we didn't mean it; tear our mistaken parchment to pieces, and do us the justice to believe that, if we could have seen our institutions so prostituted, we would have seen them annihilated first. I do not believe, with you, that they were hypocrites: don't I do them more honor than you? I say tear that parchment in tatters in honor of Washington (hisses and applause). Did you ever hear Edward Everett ring out with those clarion tones of his that favorite phrase describing Washington, "that immortal rebel"? Well, John Brown of Harper's Ferry was just the same (applause and hisses). You see we don't apply our logic rigidly to the line; you can't bear justice and logic. But let me go on; I want to finish my argument. I was speaking of the influence of the Union. Why do I want to separate you from New Orleans? Why, for this reason: I want to put you in relation to New Orleans just where Liverpool stands in relation to New Orleans. Just see the difference. The New York pulpit is one end of a telegraph; the New Orleans slave market the other. That ain't true of Liverpool. If I could separate New York politically from New Orleans, William H. Seward would care no more for the opinion of South Carolina than he does for Palmerston; *The New York Tribune* would think as little of Toombs or of Keitt as it does of *The London Times*. We should intermarry just the same; we should have the same religion, the same language, the same literature, steamboats running with the same frequency, the same interchange of commerce, but, comparatively, independence in thought. To-day, go into a factory village in New England, what is the pulpit? Only an appendage to the factory, only a rich man's kitchen; he pays the minister and turns him out when he don't like him. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I don't mean any disparagement. I trace my lineage back to Plymouth through an almost unbroken line of clergymen. I know the services the pulpit has rendered, but I know this, the best things my mother gave me were free lips, and I mean to use them (applause). A prostrate race lifts up its hands and says to us, White man, free man, give us at least the truth; it is the only hope and the only weapon that is left us. And I

creative power of both constituting crime and punishing it at one blow, without indictment, and without trial, a free, innocent citizen of a sovereign State has been thrown into prison, there to lie until he shall *purge himself*, as the phrase is, of that crime of contempt, of which he is accused in uttering his honest conviction that the Committee or Court of the Senate have no power given to them by the Constitution to compel him to answer before their bar! Until he shall *purge himself* of the alleged crime of contempt, by *perjuring* himself before God, by declaring what in his conscience as an honest man, and in his independence as a free citizen of the United States, he cannot declare, namely, that he believes the Court of the Senate to have the authority and right or constitutionally the power to compel him to answer, he must lie and rot in prison, at the command of the Senate, without even the form of any trial for any crime, at the bare declaration of the Committee of the Senate, or notification of the Secretary or President of that Committee, that he is guilty of contempt!

Not that he has refused to appear, not that he has refused to answer; no such thing at all; but simply that he has averred that the Committee of the Senate have no right to *compel* him to appear and answer! For this, as for the crime of contempt of Court, this man is thrown into prison; not on trial, not even to await any trial, not permitted to be tried, or to answer for himself, or to have a jury to pronounce upon his guilt or innocence, but the guilt concluded and declared, the accusation, the conviction, the sentence, and the punishment, and, we may add, the previous creation of the crime, all begun and completed at once, all at one blow! Under this dread, indefinite, comprehensive power of accusation, sentence, and punishment, without statute, without investigation, without jury, without witnesses, without answer, and without judge, the party assuming to be the offended party being at once Judge, Jury, and High Sheriff, where may the reach of this despotism stop? Where is there any restraint upon it, where any protection against it? Why may it not proceed to an instant deprivation of life, as the adequate determined punishment of the alleged crime of such contempt? And who is safe from being its next victim? If the Senate have power to throw a man into prison for alleged contempt, without statute, without trial, so they have to put a man to death. The same undefined, illimitable power, with an additional screw or two of the machinery, might take Mr. Hyatt's head off, before his native sovereign State, the proper protector of his personal liberty, could have time, or would summon energy, to act in his defence. Any extreme of despotism is possible, under that despotism of the Slave Oligarchy beneath which we are now groaning.

The progress of this act of despotism teems with warning to the people of the United States. Are they willing to have this new precedent of tyranny established? If so, then we may be sure it is only a preliminary of dreadful tragedies. The same power that could arrest Mr. Hyatt and throw him into prison, dragging him from his family, his business, his freedom of social life and enjoyment of his accustomed civil privileges, without crime, without even suspicion or accusation of crime, and then throw him into prison for his denial of the authority of the Inquisition that has arrested him, making *that* a crime, and *punishing* him for *that created crime*, without trial, could proceed to any length, and will do it speedily, in regard to constructive treason. The same power could drag any clergyman from his pulpit, and put him to the torture of an inquisition as to his opinions; and if he should assert the opinion that that power is not of God, is not lawful, and cannot be obeyed, could throw him into prison. Give to that same power a single opportunity to work as the tool of the slave despotism with the doctrines of constructive treason for conspiring against the peace, government and security of a slave State, in disseminating insurrectionary and treasonable opinions in regard to its domestic institutions, the security of such institutions being guaranteed, as alleged, by the Constitution, and not a minister of God who dares open his lips to denounce slavery as sin will be safe in his personal liberty. The Senate may at any moment create a Court of Inquiry as to the causes of, or complicity with, any outbreak of violence, any case of the escape of slaves, and, under pretence of authority committed to that Court, may summon and arrest and throw into prison any preacher of the Gospel from Maine to Texas.—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

IMPRISONMENT OF MR. HYATT.

WASHINGTON, March, 16.

Editors of The Boston Traveller.

THE case of Mr. Hyatt is exciting much attention. Senators and Members of the House are among his numerous visitors. The jailer has relaxed the rules which are rigorously enforced against the other prisoners, whether rich or poor, which are, that they shall receive no visitors except members of their own immediate family and their physician. Mr. Hyatt's room is quite large, with a high ceiling, a very large window grated with heavy iron bars, from which all view of the city is excluded by heavy wooden blinds, which can neither be opened or removed. When Mr. H. was placed in the room it was bare of all furniture. Government has supplied him with nothing. The room now contains a bed, three chairs, a walnut table, a few tin and earthen dishes, a washstand and fixtures. The brick floor is covered with cement, except in large spots where it is broken away. The walls and ceilings are whitewashed, and the rooms are scrupulously clean. All the furniture of the room has been supplied at the cost of the prisoner, as will be all the additions made to his accommodations.

Mr. Hyatt appears not at all downcast by his imprisonment. He declares his determination to maintain the position he has assumed, because he believes it to be right, and because he believes it would be wrong to accede to the demands of the Senate. Not that he desires to conceal anything, for he has asserted that whenever the Senate will recede from the compulsory process, he will volunteer to answer any questions which they may ask. His position is this: He denies the right of the Senate to coerce witnesses either as to attendance or as to testimony. He has nothing which he desires to conceal, but he declares his intention to test the power of the Senate. He can suffer as long as they can inflict punishment. It has resolved itself into a question of endurance.

Mr. Hyatt has sent for his library and his maps, has made arrangements for furnishing his room comfortably, and will make himself as contented as possible with a view to a stay of years. He has written his brother to conduct his affairs as though he were dead. He speaks of his intention of employing his time in study; but he is now engaged in preparing a pamphlet, containing his reasons for taking the course he has, containing the debate on his case, the argument of counsel, and his comments and conclusions upon the whole subject. This pamphlet will be published in two editions; the one printed in all the luxury of fine paper and large type, illustrated with the finest lithographs procurable in this country of Senators Sumner and Hale, his defenders in the Senate; the other in a cheap form—both to be distributed at cost.

One good has already resulted from Mr. Hyatt's incarceration. A young negro, of some twenty years old, dirty, ragged and wretched in appearance, already imprisoned six months, applied to Mr. H. to be taken into his service as attendant. Of course, his history was inquired into, and it was found that he was a free negro, from the neighborhood of Frederick, Md.; that he had come to this city to seek employment, and that, being ignorant of the laws, he had remained here more than ten days without having obtained formal permission of the Mayor. Hence he was arrested, fined, and, being unable to pay his fine, and being unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, here he has since remained at a cost to himself of thirty-four cents a day. In a few months more, if unable to pay these fines and fees, and if claimed by no person as a slave, or if liberated by no friend, he will be sold to defray these expenses. On learning these facts, Mr. Hyatt told him that he would not only take him into his service, but that, if what he had told him was true, he would make him a free man within a month. Mr. H. has already made arrangements to despatch a trusty person to Frederick, to procure witnesses to the negro's identity, and to procure certified copies of his free papers, which, if in existence, are on file with the clerk of the Court. When these are obtained, nothing further is necessary but to pay the beforementioned fine and fees to set the negro at liberty. The money for this Mr. H. will advance from his own pocket. It will cost him, altogether, nearly two hundred dollars.

CANADA MAKES AN OFFER.—In consequence of an alleged agitation which the Canadians affect to believe exists at Washington, for the purpose of inducing Queen Victoria to her to sell or quietly relinquish her claim to Canada in favor of the United States, Mr. Simpson has given notice of the following motion in the Canadian Parliament:

"Address to her Majesty the Queen: Praying, that in the event of receiving any proposition from the Congress of the United States for the acquisition of British North America, or any portion thereof, her Majesty will be graciously pleased to reply, that considerations connected with the happiness of the human race in general, and with the well-being and liberties of North America in particular, forbid the idea of acceding thereto; but that, in order to show her Majesty's appreciation of the trading propensity of Congress, and the willingness to indulge it so far as is consistent with the feeling and interest of her subjects in North America, the Queen is prepared to receive a proposition for the acquisition by Canada of the 8 sites of Maine and Michigan, or either of them."

A TEST QUESTION.—Mr. Nelson, of Tennessee, has presented to the House of Representatives a bill for the prevention and punishment of polygamy in any of the Territories of the United States. It provides severe pains and penalties against a man's indulgence of himself in more than one wife, and will strike, we suspect, in an indirect way, a good many people who do not live in Utah. Mr. Douglas and his followers, who pretend to hold that people in a Territory can do pretty much as they please about regulating their "domestic institutions," must, of course, oppose Judge Nelson's movement. They maintain that such questions should be left to the Territorial Legislature, which, in Utah, being wholly Mormon, will do nothing in the premises. Again, the Southern pro-slavery party, who hold "domestic institutions" of all sorts sacred, will condemn this interference in the private affairs of Brigham Young and his disciples. If Congress has a right, they will say, to regulate matrimony, it has a right to regulate slavery, which is the denial of matrimony. Nevertheless, Mr. Nelson will insist upon the urgent necessity or propriety of his bill, and bring all these gentlemen to a vote for or against the polygamic practice.—*Evening Post.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE REPUBLICANS.

THE ever-recurring question, why the Abolitionists of the type of the American Anti-Slavery Society cannot vote for such exemplary candidates as the Republicans are always kind enough to offer them, is luckily always answering itself. The very vital necessities of the party compel these timely responses. When it is brought up face to face with the nation in a Presidential competition, it is compelled to make admissions, and put itself into attitudes which are, in themselves, the all-sufficient explanation of our position. In the rural districts, and in the popular assemblies in the great towns, their orators are able to give utterance to the honest indignation they feel at the sight of the villanies of Slavery, without any very obtrusive indications of the bonds by which they are held back from attacking it in the States. They can utter their just sympathy with even the outbreaks of the spirit of liberty, if they cannot fully accept and indorse them. But when they present themselves before the assembled nation and undertake to read their title clear to the mansion in the Pennsylvania Avenue, they are obliged to consider many things besides those which would naturally come first to their minds and their lips. They must put themselves in a becoming attitude, and show that they are not the monsters their enemies have painted them. And in so doing, they generally manage to depict themselves as bearing a strong family likeness, if not an identity of feature, with the enemy they are about to engage. And thus the wisdom of the Abolitionists in acting outside and upon them instead of with them, is periodically justified.

We do not complain of these things, because we know that they are the inevitable incidents of their branch of the trade of politics. Only we think that they afford us an ample excuse and explanation for declining to go into partnership with them. Mr. Seward, at Rochester, can give vent to the just feelings which slavery and its excesses and encroachments must excite in every wise and humane mind. He may there look upon it as a statesman from the high table-land of Absolute Right, freed from all the "rank vapors of the sunworn mould" in which it grows and exalts itself. But when a new National Olympiad is soon to be opened with a contest of which the whole people are spectators or competitors, then the contestants must fit themselves for the struggle by a different kind of preparation. They must show their qualifications, and that they are indeed free of the guild to which every claimant of the highest honors must belong. In that situation, with such surroundings and forelookings, and with such onlookers, even Mr. Seward must descend to a lower plane, and regard slavery and all its aspects and relations with the eyes of a politician—not of a "scurvy politician" certainly, who seems to see the things he does not," but of one who is compelled to see things as they actually are, and to put himself into possible political relations with them. He claims for his party the right of getting possession of the government, if it can get votes enough. To establish this right, he must necessarily admit all the Constitutional rights of slavery. And he must let it be seen that the Republican party is a safe depository of the Executive Power which is to be exercised equally for the protection of Slavery as of Liberty, when it finds itself within the domain of the Constitution.

We do not find fault with men who see their way clear to swear to support the Constitution for putting themselves thus right before the nation. They must do so, or take the Revolutionary ground of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But we think that this necessity is our very sufficient excuse for not going and doing likewise. Whatever Mr. Seward and his followers may think of slavery, and however earnestly they may desire to destroy it, they must renounce all idea of using the power of the government for that purpose, should they get hold of it. It is simple good faith towards the partners in the joint-stock company called the Glorious Union. Should Mr. Seward be elected President, does any one suppose that he would not enforce the Fugitive Slave law, should a case arise (as one would be very sure suddenly to do) and his interposition be essential? Of course he would not do it with the swift officiousness of Mr. Pierce; but, in the last resort, if called upon to execute an unrepealed law of the United States, which the Supreme Court had pronounced constitutional, can any one doubt that he would do it? And is it not as certain that the whole Republican Press would say that he could not have done otherwise? Or if an insurrection were to break out in the South, could he refuse to use the whole power of the nation committed to him for that very purpose, among others, to put it down? Such a question answers itself. But we must decline following him to any such field, or assisting him in the execution of the Fugitive Slave law, however legal or constitutional it may be. We appeal to the Higher Law which overrides constitutions and enactments, and makes obedience to such, crimes when they conflict with that. We do not mean to stultify ourselves by helping to constitute an officer for these purposes, and we shall wait for our share in political preferment until the course of events has made such enormities as slavery, at least, open questions in our national politics.

For, putting aside all considerations of moral principle, we do not precisely see what is to be gained by such victories as the Republicans propose to themselves in the approaching campaign. Republican Senators consent to have an extra-judiical, or rather a *supra*-judicial tribunal erected of their own body which the Constitution certainly did not contemplate, for a partisan purpose of the South. If this tribunal can be brought within the limits of technical legality, it can only be done by construction and implication—a constructive court for inquiring into constructive crimes. And although this tribunal was erected for the express purpose of crushing their own friends and fellow-laborers, there were Republican Senators found, or left, to be aiding and consenting to its setting up. And not only this, but Republican Senators voted to punish by imprisonment in the common jail of Washington a member of their own party who refused to acknowledge the authority of this new court by answering its interrogatories. If this be the spirit in which the government is to be carried on by the aspiring party, we do not perceive the great advantage to be derived from its replacing the faction now in power. If these things be done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? We think, on the whole, that the Republican party is more useful in opposition than it is likely to be in administration, and so we feel no call to help put it there. All that it proposed to itself in the Fremont campaign—the free permission to Kansas to have slaves or not as she liked—has been effected without its control of the government. Why may not any of the other objects be carried which may be agreed upon as infinitesimal enough to be made component parts of its next platform?

We are doing no injustice to the Republican party. We merely take it at its own account of itself and form our judgment and pass our sentence upon it. It is much better in the spirit and temper of its mind than any party that has gone before it. It cannot succeed except through the belief on the part of millions of its rank and file that it is a great deal better than it is willing to profess to be. But we think that political adversity is better for its strength and growth than political prosperity. If it finds its knees so weak and back so frail as it approaches the threshold of power, have we reason to believe that strength and stiffness will be given to it when it has passed the sacred portal? Perhaps another defeat may bring it up to a more vigorous estate. Possibly its members may be ready in 1864 to write on their banners "Repeal of the Fugitive Slave law," "Reörganization of the Supreme Court," "A New Convention of the People to Amend the Constitution of the United States!" Such cries as these would have some life in them, and would give the slaveholding bullies some show of reason for threatening to prevent the inauguration of the President who embodied these ideas—which, at present, we deem to be ludicrously to seek. We fear that a Republican Administration might convince them that there is not so great a gulf separating the two parties as they had supposed, and perhaps even bring some of them into its support. We think that there can be no lack of wholesome agitation, let the election go as it will. The *Outs* will try to be *Ins* again, and nothing but ultimate good can come out of the collision. But we do not think it material to the work we have undertaken to do—the abolition of slavery—whether the agitation be maintained by the assaults of the Slavocracy on the Republicans, or of them on it. Fighting there must be, and it must continue until the victory declares for us and our helpless clients.

DR. CHEEVER AND HIS FOES.

WHEN we announced, a fortnight ago, that the friends of Dr. Cheever, in the recent election of Trustees by the Society worshipping in the Church of the Puritans, had gained a victory over his opponents, though by a small majority, we took it for granted that the latter had played their last card, and, having been beaten, would retire from the conflict, leaving the Doctor and those who have so long stood by him to enjoy in peace the fruits of their hard-won triumph. Never were we more mistaken. Dr. Cheever's enemies exhibit a persistency equalled only by their unscrupulousness, and, disgraceful as has been their course heretofore, their last act reveals a lower deep of depravity than they had previously reached. Look at the following statement of facts:

On the second Monday of March, instant, an election was held at the Church of the Puritans for the choice of three new Trustees to fill yearly vacancies. It was understood at the meeting that there were to be two tickets—one favorable and the other opposed to sustaining Dr. Cheever. Deacon Harvey, one of the opposition candidates, after the meeting was opened, nominated for Inspectors of Election Deacon White and Deacon Smith. The election was held amidst some contention and a good deal of challenging, and, at the close, the Inspectors, after counting the votes, formally announced that Henry A. Hartt, William A. Whiting and Thomas J. Ball were duly elected Trustees for the ensuing year; these being the men favorable to sustaining Dr. Cheever. The certificates of election, on account of the immediate withdrawal from the meeting of Deacon White, one of the Inspectors, were not demanded that night; but the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Berry, who acted as Clerk of the meeting, recorded the election in the books of the Society, and subsequently notified Messrs. Hartt, Whiting and Hall that they were elected.

A few days after the election, Mr. Berry called upon Deacons White and Smith, and requested that the usual certificates of election be given in order to complete the form as required by law. The Inspectors stated that one of them, Deacon White, had been served with a notice by Mr. Abernethy, President of the Board of Trustees, that the election would be contested on account of alleged illegal voting, and that they declined giving the certificates till they had taken time to ascertain their duty in the premises. In the meantime, the enemies of Dr. Cheever were actively circulating a petition for the holding of another election. This petition, heavily signed, it would seem, was brought to bear upon the Inspectors, and last week they took upon themselves the responsibility of giving certificates of election, under their own hands and seals, to two of the defeated candidates, Messrs. Harvey and Tompkins—thus securing a majority of one against Dr. Cheever in the Board. It must be understood that this was after the Inspectors announced to the Society the number of votes cast for each candidate, and that Messrs. Hartt, Whiting and Hall *were elected*. They have, if we understand the matter, assumed the powers of a court of chancery and reversed their own recorded decision, upon *ex parte* testimony alone. A most unheard of proceeding, surely!

This instance is valuable, as showing how assiduously, recklessly and madly men serve Satan who desert from the vanguard of Christ's army. Deacons White and Smith took umbrage at Dr. Cheever's appeal for British aid. Deacon White boldly proclaims his anti-slavery, is one of the committee of the famous anti-slavery prayer meeting at Dr. Cheever's church, and led the meeting held the evening after the election, but he has latterly taken issue with Dr. Cheever in regard to the character of John Brown, and is now said to hold that Dr. Cheever is an extremist, and that Drs. Thompson and Bacon are the proper leaders in the war of the Church against slavery! Deacon Smith is also anti-British aid, and anti-John Brown. Both these Deacons have, in effect, gone over to the enemy, and they will doubtless be his most serviceable allies in the war against Dr. Cheever. The issues in respect to the election of Trustees will probably have to be determined in a court of law; meanwhile the affairs of the Church must remain in a state of confusion and uncertainty, the effects of which upon such of the Doctor's friends as are not prepared to go through fire and water in support of the principles of which he is the Providential representative may be such as to give his enemies a triumph.

What striking confirmation does this struggle in the Church of the Puritans afford of all that the Abolitionists have been saying for years of the moral condition of the Churches of this land, and of the utter worthlessness of the tests by which they profess to determine who are and who are not Christians! Dr. Cheever, for we know not how many years, has been gathering the fruits of his ministry into a Church, according to the plan and by the accepted instrumentalities of the popular evangelical denominations. He has cherished the belief that those who accepted the established creed, and were ready to make what is called "a profession of faith in Christ," gave evidence thereby that they were Christians, and that they might be depended upon as faithful servants of God in times of temptation and trial. The developments that have followed his efforts to turn the influence of the Church against the reigning abomination of the land show clearly enough that, whether the creed be true or false, it is good for nothing in this age as a test of Christian character. The result of its application, even under his own direction, has been to fill the Church with men who have no clear apprehension of the ethics of Christianity, and who unblushingly use the Christian name as a cover for the basest treachery and villany. The character of the Churches of this day is revealed in the simple fact that it is everywhere popular to join them—that they impose no cross whatever upon a man of decent reputation for morality, but offer themselves rather as a means of augmenting his worldly influence and popularity. Such Churches cannot bear the application of a test of character, vital in this age and country, such as the anti-slavery movement offers; the Ithuriel spear of Divine truth, touching the consciences of their members, causes them to reveal themselves as practical Atheists, without reverence for God's law or purpose to obey it any farther than their selfishness may dictate. It is a terrible mockery and falsehood to call such bodies Churches of Christ, and the reformer who does so cuts the very sinews of his moral power and more than half concedes the victory to Satan. "By their fruits shall ye know them. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, neither can a good tree bring forth evil fruit." For faithfully applying this principle of Christianity and common sense to the blood-stained Churches of the land, Abolitionists are denounced as infidels by pro-slavery ministers and presses; but we unhesitatingly affirm that if there are in this country any people who deserve to be called *Christian*, they are those who, in the name of God and Humanity, are fighting slavery and the Churches and Pulpits that uphold it. Those who imagine that the men who have waged this warfare with the powers of despotism for the last twenty-five years, making themselves of no reputation by their fidelity to the cause of freedom and righteousness, have not known the joy of conscious communion with God and dependence upon his Almighty Arm, and that they need to go to the popular Churches for religious instruction, are blind indeed to the first principles of the Christian faith and incapable of tracing moral results to their legitimate source. If the Churches of this country were Churches of Christ, they would give heed to the cry of the perishing bondman and rush eagerly to his relief, as the Good Samaritan hastened to pour oil upon the wounds of him who fell among thieves; and if the Abolitionists were without the love of God and of humanity in their hearts, and filled with the spirit of infidelity, would they be found bravely testifying against popular wickedness and putting every worldly interest at hazard in order to give freedom to a down-trodden race? We trow not.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM STEPHEN S. FOSTER.

It would be very easy to reply, point by point, to the following letter, but we are quite willing that the writer should have the last word in a controversy of which our readers are thoroughly tired. We have given ourselves credit for a fair capacity to weigh the words and the arguments of an opponent; but we despair of ever being able to get at the meaning of Mr. Foster, and therefore take refuge in silence. We should be ready to charge ourselves with dulness, if we did not remember that others, who have had the misfortune to differ from him, and of whose discernment in all ordinary cases there can be no question, have also signally failed in their efforts to get at his meaning.

It is due to our readers to add that we shall not allow any more of our space to be consumed by this controversy.—*Ed. Standard.*

WORCESTER, March 22, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I REGRET the necessity of asking a further use of your columns for what may seem to many of your readers a merely personal matter; but as you have complained of me for want of frankness on a former occasion, I trust you will pardon me in now insisting upon a correct statement of my past and present relations to THE STANDARD—relations which your notes upon my last letter materially, though I trust not intentionally, misrepresent.

Your first note contains an insinuation that a previous "communication had some ulterior purpose." I can only say, in reply, that I am not conscious of any purpose in the communication referred to except to assure you and your readers that in withdrawing from active coöperation with the American Anti-Slavery Society, I am influenced by no personal feeling, nor by any want of faith in the principle of associative coöperation among friends of the cause who differ in their anti-slavery methods, but solely by an unwillingness to intrude my own peculiar views upon a platform, and into papers, where they are not only unwelcome, but have manifestly become a fruitful source of annoyance and irritation. Forced as I am into a course of independent anti-slavery action, I wish simply to place the responsibility where it properly belongs.

In your second note you "repel" the charge of torturing my language, and pronounce it *unfounded* and *discourteous*. I certainly meant no discourtesy by this charge, but aimed to state it in terms entirely unexceptionable. As to the *substance* of the charge, my justification rests entirely upon the strength of the evidence on which it was founded, the *motive* having been inferred from the evident tendency of the act. In your strictures upon my second letter relative to your treatment of Mr. Beecher you hold the following language:

"Mr. Beecher's great sin does not lie, as we understood him to say, in the refusal to join the American Anti-Slavery Society, but in the refusal to come upon its *platform!* For the Society which built the platform, and has fought so many battles upon it in behalf of the slave, Mr. F. has little regard. * * The *platform*, however, is another affair—something quite sacred and infallible—the end of the law for anti-slavery righteousness! To that he demands that every one shall come, and 'the answer to this demand,' he says, 'IS THE ONE INFALLIBLE TEST BY WHICH I DECIDE THE GENUINENESS OF EVERY MAN'S ANTI-SLAVERY PROFESSIONS.' This test seems to us arbitrary, inconsequential, unreasonable, absurd, preposterous. We protest against it with the united force of instinct and reflection, in the name of conscience and common sense."

* * * * * * * * *

"There are doubtless many true friends of the slave who never stood upon our platform, and we fear there are not a few who have often been there and who are yet unworthy of confidence. Mr. Foster's test, therefore, is as worthless as it is absurd." * * * "So we tell Mr. Foster that it is not indispensable, in order to serve the cause of the slave, to mount any particular platform. To set up such a claim of infallibility for the anti-slavery platform would be to expose ourselves to the just ridicule and contempt of mankind." * * *

"The absurdity of Mr. Foster's one infallible test is so manifest that we wonder how he could for a moment be oblivious to the demonstration."

"Submission to the infallible test of the platform, in spite of these errors of faith and practice, would, according to Mr. Foster's argument, demonstrate 'the genuineness of his' (Mr. Beecher's) anti-slavery professions." * * * "Mr. Foster commends us for writing Mr. Beecher 'UNSOUND,' and yet he virtually offers to blot the record, if Mr. B. will only consent to stand upon the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society." * * * "We well remember that Elizur Wright, and others, often charged us with virtually setting up for that Society the very claim of infallibility now urged by Mr. Foster."

In the passages above quoted I am charged with having said and argued that a willingness to stand upon the *platform* of the American Anti-Slavery Society should be regarded as "the one infallible test" of the genuineness of every man's anti-slavery professions, and also with having set up the claim of "infallibility" for the platform of that Society; and the charges are adroitly rung upon this imputation, with the *apparent* intention of impressing your readers with a sense of the utter "worthlessness and absurdity" of my test of anti-slavery merit—thus proving, by implication, my entire incapacity to criticize the principles and policy of my associates.

The error here imputed to me is of a very grave and serious character. It is something very different from those casual errors of judgment in the application of principles to which even the wisest of men are liable. Unlike those minor mistakes which may safely be left to correct themselves, it reaches to the very elements of our cause, substituting a mere position upon the *rostrum* for the cardinal principles of justice, liberty and equality. Indeed, as if to demonstrate to the public my utter incapacity for the great work to which my life is devoted, you represent me as having adopted a standard of anti-slavery which is at once so pregnant with danger to our cause as to call forth from you an earnest and vehement "protest," and yet so "unreasonable, absurd and preposterous" as to expose me to "the just *ridicule* and *contempt* of mankind"!

Now, what I complain of in this matter is, not the sharpness of your criticisms, but that this entire allegation, with all its serious consequences, is entirely without foundation in anything which I have ever done, said or written! The whole tenor of my anti-slavery life is a practical repudiation of the sentiments you attribute to me; nor could they be wrung from the communication then under review, except, as I said, by a most "unwarrantable torturing" of my language. I do not mean to charge you with *intentional* misrepresentation. I do mean to say, however, as the most favorable construction which can be put upon your course, that such is your dislike of my views, and such your present state of mind towards them, that you can neither fully comprehend nor fairly represent them. You seem not to understand that what I demanded of Mr. Beecher was simply that his anti-slavery life should conform to his teachings. You had thanked him for an "eloquent vindication of the catholicity of our platform." I insisted that if the platform was such as he approved, the only way in which he could prove the genuineness of his anti-slavery professions was by taking his stand at our side. But I neither argued nor do I believe that such a step would be required of any one honestly holding a different opinion of the terms of our platform; much less have I ever intimated that the mere act of standing upon the rostrum of the American Anti-Slavery Society was of itself satisfactory proof of the genuineness of any man's anti-slavery. On the contrary, it could not, I think, be unknown to you that great fault had been found with me for refusing to accept the anti-slavery professions of those who, though standing upon our platform, still persisted in giving support to the pro-slavery political and religious institutions of the country, and for my earnest protest against the employment of such, as agents and representatives of the Society. And yet, in the face of these persistent efforts to expose the hollowness of all such professions, you assume the responsibility of telling your readers that although you have written Mr. Beecher "UNSOUND," I "virtually offer to blot the record, if he will but consent to stand upon the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society." Your knowledge of my anti-slavery life ought to have warned you that you had misapprehended my meaning, even if a strictly logical construction of my language would seem to require such an interpretation.

But, in carefully looking over the article in question, I find in it no hasty or ill-considered expression from which such a sentiment could be legitimately deduced. My language upon this point is clear and explicit. My only allusion to "tests," or to "infallibility," is contained in the following extract:

"It is not for the American Anti-Slavery Society, nor for any Society, that I am contending. For these associations I care but little. But it is for the principle of coöperation, without which nothing can be accomplished, that I am contending. I am quite as willing to work in an association of Mr. Beecher's originating as in the one which Mr. Garrison has originated. *I only ask that we may coöperate somewhere upon a free platform, that, by a concentration of effort, there may be hope of ultimate triumph.* The answer to this demand is the one infallible test by which I decide the genuineness of every man's anti-slavery professions. Whoever is willing, like Jesus of Nazareth, to submit his principles and conduct to the fiery ordeal of unrestricted criticism gives the best of evidence of an honest purpose and a manly spirit, while the anti-slavery of those who shrink from such a test is to me but 'sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.'"

This extract, I believe, contains the entire material out of which was manufactured your statement that I had set up the preposterous claim of infallibility for the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and had "virtually offered to blot the record" of Mr. Beecher's numerous anti-slavery sins, "if he would only consent to stand upon the platform" of that Society, thereby exposing myself to "the just ridicule and contempt of mankind." With these facts, and my own exposition of the matter, before them, I shall now leave your readers to decide whether the charge of torturing my language was unwarranted by the evidence in the case, or uncalled for by the circumstances in which I was placed. That you were justified in your course, in your own estimation, I have no reason to doubt, but that justification must have had its foundation in that feeling of *contempt* for my real sentiments which you say mankind will justly feel for those which you erroneously attribute to me.

In reply to your third note, I would say that I have never intimated, nor did I suppose, that you would refuse to print anything which I might wish to write, but simply that the terms of admission to your columns were such that I could not consistently accept them. I said "*virtually* excluded."

To the statement in your fifth note, "that you have never recognized Mr. Beecher and the members of the Republican party as Abolitionists, except in some qualified sense of that term," I reply, that the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies have *recognized, endorsed and recommended* Republicans as competent anti-slavery teachers, and that, too, against my earnest and oft-repeated remonstrances. It has always seemed to me bad policy, to say the least, to denounce the Constitution, as at present interpreted, as a "*covenant with death and an agreement with hell*," and at the same time employ as advocates of our cause those who practically acknowledge the binding force of that covenant. Those who, from whatever cause, are still in "agreement with hell" cannot, I think, be successful advocates of the cause of righteousness. While, therefore, I would leave the platform and the press equally free to all, I would employ as representatives of the Society, at our anniversary and other meetings, such only as have withdrawn all support from the slaveholding institutions of the country, and thus maintain a consistent and effective testimony against those institutions.

This I have always supposed to be the point at which Mr. Garrison and others have taken issue with Mr. Pillsbury, myself and others in regard to the Republican party. But as you cannot accept my statement of the question in dispute, will you be kind enough to favor us with your own version of it? If you are prepared to repudiate, as accomplices and abettors of the Slave Power, all who persist in upholding the Republican party—a party which you admit to be pro-slavery—there need be no further controversy between us on that point. I only ask that those who intentionally uphold the institutions upon which slavery depends for support, shall be regarded as slaveholders, and not as Abolitionists.

You ask, "Why should *we* protest against Mrs. Martineau's utterance of her honest opinion and advice"? This question implies that I have required of you *such* a protest. I am unwilling to believe that this misrepresentation was intentional, although the same thing has occurred once or twice before in this discussion. Have you yet to learn the difference between protesting against the *utterance* of an opinion and protesting against an *opinion* when uttered? You certainly appear to have understood the distinction when you were impelled to "protest, *with the united force of instinct and reflection, in the name of conscience and common sense, and in the interests of the cause we are set to defend*," against sentiments which you had wrongfully imputed to me. When advice is given tending directly to a division of the Society, on the ground of differences of opinion among its members, do "the interests of the cause" demand no protest from its organ? Or is THE STANDARD of opinion that the advice is timely and judicious, and deserving the regard of those for whom it was intended?

To your inquiry why I did not promptly avail myself of your columns to correct the misrepresentations to which I refer, I reply that as these misrepresentations first appeared in the columns of *The Liberator*, I sent the corrections to that paper, trusting to the honor of THE STANDARD to copy them, inasmuch as it had previously copied the misrepresentations. It was not, however, till these misrepresentations had been often repeated, in various forms, that I was induced to notice them. But finding that they had materially obstructed my public labors, I wrote two or three articles for the purpose of counteracting their influence, and should have followed with others but for an intimation from the Editor that he could find a better use for his columns.

My reasons for remaining "silent, under the alleged misrepresentations, for years," were, partly, a painful self consciousness of my entire inability as a writer, which has always made me extremely averse to writing anything for the press, and partly from the confident hope that a more liberal and catholic spirit would soon gain the ascendency in our councils, and thereby avert the necessity of a disagreeable newspaper controversy.

The quotation of which you complain was an inadvertence. I was aware that it was from Mrs. Martineau, but it did not occur to me that, from the connection, it would naturally be understood as from you. The carelessness was culpable, and I shall endeavor to avoid a repetition of it.

S. S. FOSTER.

SPEECH OF MR. SEDGWICK.

THE Hon. Charles B. Sedgwick, Representative in Congress from the Onondaga District of this State, addressed the House for the first time, on Monday last, in a speech which, so far as the brief telegraphic report enables us to judge, was, in the main, worthy of his reputation as a man of marked ability and a prominent champion of Republicanism in its most anti-slavery phase. He handled the question of slavery with a boldness and energy that we could wish were oftener exhibited by Northern men on the floor of Congress. He did not shrink even from assigning to Garrison his legitimate place in the history of the Anti-Slavery Movement and recognizing him as "one sent by Heaven, in answer to the petitions of mortal men, to proclaim freedom in the name of God." This, we believe, is the first time that any Representative from the North has ever made respectful mention on the floor of Congress of the man whose prophet voice first awakened the agitation on whose waves so many have been carried into places of power. Even Joshua R. Giddings, we think, was never quite bold enough to utter the talismanic name of Garrison in the ears of the slaveholders in the House of Representatives.

Mr. Sedgwick, however, much to our surprise, fell into an error, which, we are sure, he will thank us for correcting. We cannot believe that he intended to caricature the views of the Garrisonians, and yet he most certainly did so in the following passage:

"The Republican party was assailed upon not widely different grounds at the North; there were extreme men who held that the Constitution upholds and sanctions slavery, and guarantees property in men, that it was designed to secure property in man, that it was designed to secure that end alone, and that all departments of government have been controlled for that purpose. They say that while the Republicans confine themselves to the Constitution, they can do nothing to limit and restrain slavery, and the only hope of liberty is the overthrow of that instrument, and the government with it."

Mr. Sedgwick owes it to himself and to historic verity to take back this statement, which does gross injustice to the persons to whom he alludes. The Garrisonians set up no extreme interpretation of the Constitution. They believe that instrument to be defiled by compromises with slavery to just the extent that it is admitted to be by Senator Seward and other champions of the Republican party, and no further. The pro-slavery clauses of the Constitution, in their judgment, are—1. The provision which made the national flag a cover for the foreign slave trade for twenty years; 2. The clause which allows the slaveholders to represent their slaves in Congress and in the Electoral College; 3. The provision for the recapture of "persons held to service or labor"; and 4. The provision which makes it the duty of the North to put down slave insurrections. Mr. Sedgwick will search the writings of the Garrisonians in vain for any extreme interpretations of the instrument upon any of these points. They have never uttered the nonsense which he puts into their mouths about the Constitution "guaranteeing property in man" in a broad sense, and being "designed to secure that end alone." They argue its pro-slavery character upon grounds which the Republican party concedes, and upon no others. The Fugitive Slave law they believe to be as unconstitutional as it is morally infamous, while the Republicans, as a party, dare not go so far, or even to propose its repeal. The "extreme views" of the Garrisonians are certainly not in their interpretations of the Constitution. They will be found, if anywhere, in the *inferences* they draw from the interpretations which they, in common with the great mass of the Republican party, believe to be correct. Let Mr. Sedgwick rebut those inferences, if he can, by fair argument; but let him not misrepresent us as he did in his speech.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF THADDEUS HYATT.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE heaviest blow yet struck at the rights and liberties of the free citizens of this country is in the incarceration of Thaddeus Hyatt. The Senate Investigating Committee claim the power to do what no court of justice ever yet claimed, viz., to make a witness *criminate himself!* The New York *Tribune* of March 13th states that Mr. Hyatt is committed to prison "*as a contumacious witness until he shall declare his willingness to answer the questions of Mr. Mason's Harper's Ferry Committee.*" In the examinations already had before that committee, the witnesses have been questioned as to their knowledge of and complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair; and though the question raised by Mr. Hyatt is as to the committee's power of coercion at all, yet the real *gist* of the question is their power to make a witness give testimony against himself!

This attempt to destroy one of the most sacred natural and

is a blow at free speech and free thought, and the heaviest yet given to the rights of the free citizen.

The Tribune coolly informs us that Mr. Hyatt is in his dungeon, that his nearest friends are denied access to him, and that he receives worse treatment than any common criminal. How much of this ill-treatment may Mr. Hyatt and his friends thank *The Tribune* and Senator Fessenden for? Since this announcement we learn the jailer has relaxed somewhat the rigor of his course, and allowed Mr. Hyatt to see his friends, and at his own expense to have a table, bed, chair, &c. For this wonderful lenity how much do Mr. Hyatt and his friends owe to the influence of *The Tribune* and to Republican (!) Fessenden? Not much, certainly. All that argument could do on the part of Fessenden and the grossest ridicule on the part of *The Tribune* has been done to secure the treatment of a felon and a dog for Mr. Hyatt.

We are told by *The Tribune's* correspondent that Fessenden's speech in favor of Hyatt's incarceration was highly praised at Washington. Of course it was. Torquemanda would have been delighted with it; and it is well that the Slave Power had the manners to thank their *Republican* ally for his service to tyranny. Perhaps the people of the free States will also remember that service and *appreciate* it.

If this is Republicanism, then God save us from it! It is better to grapple with the naked devil, Democracy, than to hug the wolf in sheep's clothing! Let us have the *realities* to deal with, whether we live to see the triumph of freedom in this land or not. G. W. P.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER, March 25, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

On Wednesday and Thursday, March 21st and 22d, an Anti-Slavery Convention was held in Rochester, which, though not largely attended, seems to me deserving of a brief notice in your paper. Rochester, for some reasons not understandable to me, has been, for some time past, very lukewarm upon this subject. It cannot be because of no effort having been made by the friends of freedom to awake a living warmth in the people, for we have had much of preaching and teaching of anti-slavery here. Every phase of the subject has had its advocates. You will remember that in Rochester the famous "Irrepressible Conflict" speech of Senator Seward was made, and from Rochester was it sent out to the world. At that hour, one not accustomed to watch the policy of a political party might have easily believed in the good faith of the Republicans, and been willing to trust them with the cause of the bondman. That hour is past. Alas for the party to-day! "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin" is so plainly written upon it that it needs no *Daniel* to interpret it; "he that runs may read."

Two years ago, AARON M. POWELL gave to the people of Rochester an opportunity of listening to anti-slavery preaching of the Garrisonian stamp, on each Sunday morning for several weeks. Later still—within a year—Dr. CHEEVER was in Rochester for several days; and though no Church opened its doors to admit him to its pulpit, Corinthian Hall was obtained, and from its rostrum Dr. Cheever's voice was heard; and his tones are not to be mistaken. FREDERICK DOUGLASS has spoken in the city frequently, and we should suppose his present exile would be a perpetual sermon, sounding always in the ears of our people. Not very many months ago, "the brave old hero," perhaps the *holiest* man of his time, JOHN BROWN, spoke in Rochester. It was a rare opportunity, but only a handful improved it. The loss may not be retrieved. During the winter just past, anti-slavery teaching has been offered our people by PARKER PILLSBURY. We are more than sorry that these speeches of Mr. Pillsbury have not been reported. Never before have we listened to anything like them. They seemed to us to contain more than the speeches of any person whom we have heard or read. The peculiar beauty of the rhetoric was a feast to a lover of language, and the thought was the perfection of principle. The speech founded on the text, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword," we trust Mr. Pillsbury may be persuaded to publish.

In view of all this anti-slavery work done in Rochester, and with little apparent success, some of the friends thought it unwise to call a Convention. They argued unseasonableness of time as well as lack of interest. Other friends, prominent among whom were ISAAC and AMY POST, thought lack of interest the very reason why we should have a meeting. "Let us," said they, "try to revive ourselves." The speakers were in the vicinity already, and no extra expense would accrue to the Society for their transportation thither. The counsel of these friends prevailed, and the Convention was called. PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL, GILES B. STEBBINS, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and LUCY N. COLMAN were the speakers advertised. I send you the list of officers, with the resolutions adopted. I wish I could send you a full report of some of the speeches. Mr. Powell examined very closely the position of the Republican party. Mr. Pillsbury took for his text Mr. Seward's late speech, contrasting it with his Rochester speech and showing how sadly Mr. Seward had fallen, taking the latter as the index of his heart. "In this speech Mr. Seward puts aside from his party all anti-slavery intentions; concedes to the South all its demands, if this party shall be successful; scouts the idea of negro equality; saves the Union at all hazards, even though a whole race be kept in perpetual bondage by its crushing weight." "The party should be baptized with a new name. It is not a Republican party." Mr. Stebbins's speech was an admirable one, more hopeful than the others, but none the less pointed and searching. We think, though the attendance was small, that the Convention, under the circumstances, was worth its cost.

Yours for the slave, LUCY N. COLMAN.

The officers of the Convention were as follows: President—AMY POST. Vice-Presidents—William Hallowell, Susan B. Anthony. Business Committee—Parker Pillsbury, Aaron M. Powell, Zerviah I. Watkins, Huldah Anthony, Mary Hallowell. Finance Committee—Mary Anthony, Sarah Willis, Sarah F. Blackall. Secretaries—Lucy N. Colman, Giles B. Stebbins.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That the government of the United States is now a Consolidated Despotism—the strength of which, in the North, is the Republican party—casting, at the last Presidential election, almost a million and a half of votes, and intending to swell the number at the approaching contest to two millions—and every one of them a solemnly sworn oath that slavery shall be protected and perpetuated in every State where it now is, or may hereafter, by the action of the government, be extended, as long as those States shall desire; and thus that party must be held fully responsible for all the bloody baptisms and sacraments of sweating sorrow which the slaves are enduring throughout their generations.

Resolved, That of all the Congressional manifestos of the present session, the most dangerous to the cause of the enslaved in this nation is the speech of Senator Seward of New York, on the admission of Kansas to the Union; and, regarding its author as at present a most prominent candidate for Presidential honors, it is all the more significant as a declaration of sentiments—a platform of Republican party faith—and a foreshadowing of what shall be the character of his administration in the event of his success.

Resolved, That when, in the very preamble of that speech, he promises and hopes "to allay the national excitement," and then proceeds to concede everything to the South and nothing to the North, and least of all to the slaves, softening the words *Slavery* and *Slaveholders* into *Capital* and *Capitalists*, reaffirming and re-subscribing every constitutional compromise ever claimed by Calhoun or endorsed by Webster, even the compromises of 1850, Fugitive Slave law and all, whose "inspiring sounds," reproduced in the inaugural of the next President, Franklin Pierce, he affirms, "reassured and delighted the land" with hopes of peace from the slavery agitation, and then declaring the only peculiar policy of the party to be "the saving of the United States, if possible, by constitutional and lawful means, from slavery and polygamy"; and again, that all our Northern system of labor ever works out is "equality of white men"! and farther, that should the capital system [meaning slavery in the States] ever be assailed, "in the emergency, no matter what the cause or what the pretext, or who the foe, we of the free States shall defend the Southern sovereignty as the equivalent of our own"; and then repeating the obligation in the assuring words, "we of the North are not the enemies, but the friends and brethren, of the South, faithful and true"; and then explains in what sense, by declaring his party to be "engaged in no new transaction, not even a new dispute," though new slave States should be admitted to the Union, and that Union throughout the speech constantly lauded far above liberty—when all that and much more, if not worse, is embraced in a single speech by an aspirant for Presidential preferment, and he the most anti-slavery in his professions [and by the claim of his party] of the whole long and greedy list of candidates, the hour must surely have come when a government and Union demanding such monstrous debasement should be dashed in pieces with all the older, but not more bloody, tyrannies of other times.

Resolved, That the sad and alarming departure and degeneracy of Senator Seward from many of his earlier utterances on the subject of slavery, particularly when, in the U. S. Senate, he ably and nobly vindicated the "*Higher Law*" doctrines, as above all human codes or constitutions—when he bravely declared to the slaveholders, "we have had quite enough of Compromise"—and when more especially he proclaimed, in the face of the world, the "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT" between slavery and freedom—cannot but fill the hearts of all friends of the enslaved with disappointment, if not with despair, that one whose promise was so fair has finally fallen, under the seductive influence of selfish and political ambition, to a level with the demagogues and party stock-gamblers that have so long scourged and cursed, as well as ruled, the land:

Resolved, That the last doctrine proposed by Republicanism, and inculcated in *The New York Tribune*, and the late speech of Senator Wade in Congress, and recommended by the late Republican Convention in Missouri, and in various other Republican sources, of colonizing the free people of color in some remote region, or at all events outside the common pale of humanity, that so, in the significant words of Senator Wade, "*we may hear no more of negro equality in the North*," proves that party proscriptive and cruel in the highest degree, incapable of comprehending the true genius and spirit of human freedom, and consequently wholly unfit to be entrusted with its interests. AMY POST, President.

LUCY N. COLMAN, GILES B. STEBBINS, } Secretaries.

A WORD FROM MR. POWELL.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 27, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I HAVE only time to say to you in a paragraph that the Conventions held since my last, from Canandaigua, have been in a good degree successful and encouraging, and I trust they have made an enduring impression in behalf of our cause in their respective localities. The Convention at Canandaigua, which was in progress at the time of my writing, was attended with excellent success. A very good Convention was also held at Brockport, and one only tolerably successful at Medina. Mr. PILLSBURY and Miss ANTHONY held very satisfactory Sunday meetings at Lockport—subsequently a Convention of cheering character at Albion.

I cannot now speak in detail of any of these meetings. A most faithful testimony has been borne in them, and much good must result therefrom. The last Convention of the series was at Rochester. Of this some other correspondent will perhaps furnish you an account. The attendance was moderate, but a strong and healthful influence has gone out from the meetings, through the resolutions which were published and the awakened interest on the part of those present. A. M. P.

AGITATION IN CONGRESS.

THE Hon. Harrison G. Blake, of Ohio (Oberlin District), stirred that Dead Sea of intrigue and compromise, the U. S. House of Representatives, on Monday last, by introducing the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas the chatteling of mankind and the holding of persons as property is contrary to natural justice and the fundamental principles of our political system, and is notoriously a reproach to our country throughout the civilized world, and a serious hindrance to the progress of Republican liberty throughout the nations of the earth; therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be, and the same are hereby, instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill giving freedom to every human being, and interdicting slavery wherever Congress has the Constitutional power to legislate on the subject.

Mr. Blake, it seems, did not ask leave of the Republican caucus before taking this step; a great error of judgment in the estimation of some tender-footed Republicans, who want to stand well with anti-slavery constituencies, and yet shrink from "toeing the mark" in the face of the Conservatism that rules at Washington. The special correspondent of *The Tribune*—a paper which has grown rich upon its reputation for anti-slavery, but which of late seems anxious to curry favor with those who hate the negro and would gladly stop the anti-slavery agitation—thus characterizes the movement:

"The resolution offered by Mr. Blake of Ohio, without any consultation among his political friends, produced some confusion and excitement in the House. It proposed substantially to give freedom to every human being and to interdict slavery wherever it exists and the power of Congress could reach. Many Republicans voted for it, being a mere resolution of inquiry, and others against it, because it was inexpedient and contemplated no practical object, while others refused to vote. The resolution was thus defeated by over fifty majority. These barren generalities only provoke unnecessary embarrassment without the least service."

"No practical object," "barren generalities," forsooth! The man who could make such a commentary upon Mr. Blake's resolution may be a very adroit political trickster, but he is certainly devoid of reverence for the principles of liberty. The fault of the proposition was that it was *too* "practical" to suit the policy of the Republican leaders, who prefer to serve the cause of liberty with "barren generalities," while by their official action they concede to slavery much that it demands.

Mr. Killinger (Rep.) of Pennsylvania objected to the resolution, with the intent to secure a postponement under the rules; but the Speaker decided that he was too late, the Clerk having commenced calling the roll. The question was taken upon the resolution, reserving the preamble for a separate vote. It was lost, 51 to 109. The following are the names of those who voted in the affirmative.

Messrs. Adams (Mass.), Aldrich, Alley, Bingham, Blair, Blake, Burlingame, Burroughs, Butterfield, Carey, Carter, Colfax, Conkling, Curtis, Delano, Duell, Edgerton, Edwards, Eliot, Ely, Farnsworth, Foster, Frank, Gooch, Grow, Gurley, Hale, Helmick, Hoard, Humphrey, Hutchins, Kellogg (Mich.), Leach (Mich.), Lee, Lovejoy, McKean, Morrill, Olin, Palmer, Potter, Pottle, Rice, Sedgwick, Sherman, Somes, Spaulding, Stewart (Pa.), Tappan, Tompkins, Train, Vandever, Waldron, Walton, Washburn (Wis.), Washburn (Ill.), Wells, Windom—60.

Fifty Republicans dodged the vote, and Mr. Bocock of Va., rising to a question of privilege, offered a resolution that Messrs. Kilgore, (Rep., Ind.) and Washburn (Rep., Me.), being in the House, but refusing to vote on the resolution just defeated—the rule requiring members present to vote—be and they are entitled to receive and do hereby receive the censure of the House.

Mr. Kilgore said no gentleman was more anxious to avert a vote of censure than himself. He was desirous of casting his vote, but not to place himself in an awkward position. While he was perfectly willing to instruct an inquiry on the subject of interdicting Slavery, he could not vote for instructing the Committee to report a bill giving freedom to every human being, because that would reach convicts, and he was the last to add to Democratic strength by turning them loose, especially at this time, when their votes would be of such service in the campaign (laughter).

This was a piece of unworthy trifling, which shows that Mr. Kilgore was afraid to meet the issue. Mr. Bocock's resolution was withdrawn.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

WE have before us, in several issues of the Albany *Evening Journal*, four different speeches, lately delivered in the Assembly, in support of the Personal Liberty bill, by the following gentlemen, viz.:

Hon. D. E. MAXSON, of Allegany;
Hon. H. SMITH, of Chautauqua;
Hon. JAMES BARNETT, of Madison;
Hon. B. R. JOHNSON, of Delaware.

We have read every one of these speeches with pride and satisfaction, and, if the limitations of our space did not interpose an insuperable obstacle, we would lay them all before our readers. They ought to be published, with other matter on the same subject, in a pamphlet, and circulated in every school district in the State. The arguments they present are unanswerable, and such as appeal directly to the conscience and the judgment of every honest man. We shall try to find room for extracts next week.

RESISTANCE TO TYRANNY.

WILLIAM S. BAILEY, the intrepid editor of *The Free South*, whose press (in Newport, Ky.) was lately destroyed by a mob, has addressed a letter to W. L. Garrison, from which we copy as follows:

"Since Messrs. Fee, Rogers, Davis and other anti-slavery men have left the State, and at the *mere bidding* of slaveholders, I have been set upon with unrelenting ferocity, increasing in insolence in proportion to the timidity they create.

"Non-resistance, doing good for evil, giving your coat to him who takes your cloak, and showing mercy to transgressors, will never *humanize* a slaveholder's heart. I have tried all these, and must grasp the rifle to meet the savage foe. I am sorry to do this, friend Garrison, but the deadly weapon is alone respected or feared by them: *law* is treated with contempt. I have some friends with me who assist my family and me to watch, *night and day*, to protect our remaining property and our lives, and we are all weary with fatigue.

"I have sued the mobites in Cincinnati, and hope to get a fair remuneration for my loss. This suit has made them raving with malice. They destroy my property because I advocate freedom in Kentucky; and when I seek redress, they threaten to destroy more, and take my life. My expenses are much increased by this tirade of persecution, and I do hope some able friends will aid me now. I shall yield no more to tyrants, but shall defend my cause and person until death. Liberty can never be won by submitting to oppressors. Our firmness shall bring back the exiles ordered away by usurpers, and they shall be free men upon Kentucky soil: no tyrant shall make them afraid. And although the slaveholding oligarchy have destroyed my press, they have not destroyed the spirit of freedom. They were an organized band of house-breakers and sackers, and we were unprepared and unaware of such an attempt. Now, our shot-guns, pistols and rifles keep them, if not quiet, at a respectful distance. But we want *aid*, and should have it very soon. Friend Garrison, the infernal pro-slavery mobites cannot drive me out, nor can they again destroy my press.

"Persons writing to me will please direct to "*Covington*, Kentucky," instead of Newport, as the postmaster here, J. Q. A. Foster, is a leading mobite against me, and I have no confidence in his integrity."

VOICES FROM SCOTLAND.

WE publish the following letters and the resolutions they enclose with great satisfaction, affording as they do most cheering evidence that the Abolitionists of this country, in the warfare against slavery, have the sympathy of kindred spirits on the other side of the Atlantic. We are especially gratified in knowing that that eloquent champion of freedom, GEORGE THOMPSON, is giving us the benefit of his public labors at this important crisis.

GLASGOW, March 9, 1860.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq.—*My Dear Sir:* I forward you resolutions passed at two meetings at which I have lectured during this week. I doubt not you will give them a place in THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Most truly yours, GEO. THOMPSON.

A VOICE FROM PORT GLASGOW.

PORT GLASGOW, 6th March, 1860.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.

SIR: Herewith I send you a resolution, adopted last night at a public meeting, and trust you will give it a place in your columns.

With best wishes for the triumph of your cause, I am yours very truly, WM. BIRKMYRE.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Port Glasgow was held in the Parish Church on the 5th March, 1860, in reference to the subject of American Slavery, Provost WILLIAM BIRKMYRE in the chair, when the following resolution was moved by Mr. Andrew Glendinning, seconded by Wm. Caird, Esq., and unanimously agreed to:

Resolved, That this meeting express their abhorrence of the system of slavery as it exists in the United States of America, and their deep sorrow in contemplation of the fact that it is practised and upheld by the majority of the professedly Christian Churches of that country; and would offer to all who are engaged in the work of promoting its abolition their hearty sympathy and best wishes for their speedy and entire success.

WILLIAM BIRKMYRE, Provost.

A VOICE FROM GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, 7th March, 1860.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.

SIR: I enclose copy of a resolution passed last night at a public meeting. You will oblige by giving it due publicity. I am yours truly,

ANDREW GLENDINNING, Convener of meeting.

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Greenock, N. B., convened to consider the subject of American Slavery, it was unanimously resolved,

That the spectacle of four millions of slaves, owned as chattels, in a land professedly Republican and Christian, should excite the indignation, and call forth the remonstrances, of all who call themselves the lovers of freedom, and the friends of Christianity; and this meeting do record the expression of their detestation of the system; their sympathy with the slaves; their condemnation of those by whom they are held in bondage, and their admiration of all in the United States who are laboring to remove from their country its scandal and its curse.

This resolution was moved by the Rev. John Guthrie, and seconded by the Rev. John Forsyth, on the understanding that it be forwarded to America for publication.

JAMES DUFF, Provost and Chief Magistrate, Chairman.

A CHEERING FACT.—The Rev. Mr. Munsell, Pastor of the Orthodox Congregational Church in Harwich, Mass., lately invited A. T. Foss, one of the most radical of all the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to present the cause of the slave to his congregation on Sunday evening. Mr. Foss gladly accepted the invitation, and Mr. Munsell joined heartily in the services. The meeting took the place of the usual monthly concert of prayer for missions, the welfare of the "heathen" in our own land being thus recognized by the Church as an appropriate subject for discussion at such a time; and one-half the contribution taken up at the close was by vote directed to be paid into the treasury of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. When we consider that this Society has been slanderously denounced for years by the orthodox clergy of Massachusetts as an infidel association, and that the same epithet has been as often bestowed upon Mr. Foss as upon any other Garrisonian Abolitionist, we cannot but admire the fidelity and courage of Mr. Munsell and his Church as exhibited on this occasion, and pray that their example may be followed by others who occupy a similar position. Mr. May, the General Agent of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, in sending Mr. Foss's report of his labors in Harwich to *The Liberator*, says: "When this shall be the spirit of the Churches generally, now almost universally scorning and preventing this truly Christian cause, then may the men and the women, whose lives for a quarter of a century, and more, have been given to the arousing of a land 'dead in trespasses and sins,' say joyfully, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servants depart in peace, for our eyes have seen thy salvation.'"

THE STRUGGLE IN WISCONSIN.—A. Scott Sloan, the Republican candidate for Chief Justice, has written a letter, in which he says:

"I agree with Judge Smith, and *not* with Dixon; I would not have accepted the nomination otherwise, as Judge Dixon was dropped mainly on account of his unsoundness on that question. It would be bad faith in me to take the nomination, unless I agreed fully with the Supreme Court in the Booth and Ryecraft cases, knowing as I do that a large majority of the Republicans of Wisconsin regard the question as a vital one, and *intended* to nominate a candidate who would represent the views of that majority."

Dixon, the present occupant of the place under appointment from the Republican Governor, being the Democratic candidate, the issue is now fairly joined. The friends of freedom will await the result with an anxiety proportioned to the momentous interests involved.

The present state of the Booth case may be seen in the following extract from the Milwaukee *Free Democrat* of the 19th inst.

"The term of imprisonment of S. M. Booth expired yesterday, we believe. The fine and costs, however, amount to $1,461 01, for which he was to remain committed until paid. He would not pay this if he were able, we apprehend; and we also apprehend he is not able if he would. And we suspect he does not desire that his friends should so far succumb to the infernal despotism which has him in charge as to pay it for him. Let the pro-slavery power wreak its full vengeance, and thereby bring home to our people a realization of its true character."

THE PENNSYLVANIA KIDNAPPING CASE.—Fisher, one of the men implicated in the Brown kidnapping case, has been bound over in the sum of $3,000 to answer at the April term of the Court. The Lancaster *Union* of the 21st inst. says:

"In his examination, Fisher disclosed the names of two other persons, besides those already arrested, who were actively concerned in the affair, and who will be diligently searched for. He also made a statement respecting the concealment of Brown in his house. He says that early in the morning after Brown was taken, a carriage drove to the door, and he was called up and asked to blow the horn for the ferryman on the opposite side of the river. The carriage then drove off, but shortly afterwards returned, when the party got out and desired to remain during the day. Fisher told them he could accommodate them with a room in the garret, which they accepted, and took Brown up. One of the party represented himself as Brown's master, and said he was carrying him home; that he was a fugitive. The party crossed the river that evening, and that was the last that he saw or heard of any of them.

"On Friday last, Gilmore Hull, one of the kidnappers, who had been committed to prison, was brought before Judge Long on a habeas corpus, and gave bail for his appearance at Court in the sum of $5,000."

DR. WADDINGTON, we are glad to see, has been made to feel the strong rebukes of the Abolitionists of England for his betrayal of the anti-slavery cause during his late visit to the United States. One incident will serve to illustrate his treachery. At the meeting of the American Peace Society, in Boston, at which Dr. Cheever delivered his eulogy upon the late Judge Jay, Dr. Waddington came conspicuously forward, and, taking the hand of Dr. Cheever, said, in the hearing of a large number of gentlemen, "Sir, you are better known in England than any other American clergyman; I am glad of an opportunity to greet you." His whole manner implied earnest sympathy with Dr. Cheever in his peculiar position. Afterwards, however, when he came to New York and found Dr. Cheever in deadly conflict with foes without and traitors within his own ecclesiastical camp, he turned his back upon him and consorted with his pro-slavery enemies, whose money he (Dr. W.) was anxious to obtain.

OTTAWA RESCUE CASES.—The trials in the U. S. Court at Chicago of the parties who assisted in the rescue of the slave Jim at Ottawa, Ill, have broken down, through the obstinacy and spirit of freedom of the juries. Only one man was convicted; a second was acquitted; in a third case, the jury could not agree, though out for over 40 hours; and the government then abandoned the fourth case.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 26, 1860.

WE have one man in the United States Senate who knows enough for the "rest of mankind," and, like Sidney Bartlett, the Boston lawyer, "seems to be in doubt whether God Almighty made him or whether it was he who made God Almighty." The gentleman I allude to is a *new* member, and consequently he should be a little modest. Instead of that, he considers himself competent to judge of the greatest men this country ever produced. In his first speech in the Senate, he gave it as his opinion that Mr. Webster knew *less* about the Constitution of the United States than any other public man of the present century! The name of this wonder is Wigfall, and he hails from Texas. He made a speech—a long speech—in the Senate, three or four days ago, and it was certainly the most astounding piece of hotch-potch, coarse wit, ignorance, stupidity, garrulousness and bluster, ever concocted by even a Fire-Eater in Congress. The funniest part of it is that he and his friends think it was *a great production!* Here is a fair, average, specimen of the ten-column speech:

"It is all twaddle and nonsense to talk about fighting and bloodshed in the event of the dissolution of the Union. What would be the effect of a dissolution of the Union? Their spindles would cease to turn; their looms would cease to move. Their ships would be laid up to rot in their wharves when the navigation laws were repealed. Their operatives and their sailors, turned out to starve, to steal, or to burn, would turn upon them; and when they gathered together in the town of Boston, to say what should be done for their starving families, the Senator from New York who talks about the 'irrepressible conflict,' and the other Senator, who seems very happy and contented—the Senator from New Hampshire, who has done all this wrong, and who is passing round now to see what is going on—would have their heads taken off close to their shoulders; they would be stuck on poles and carried around; and some Democrat would mount on a box and say to the people, 'I told you so; I told you that this irrepressible conflict was going to produce a dissolution of the Union, and that this Union was a blessing to you.' Every Democrat in the North would stand by us. I believe it, as I believe there is a God in Heaven. No, sir, there is nothing for these men to understand, for they dare not; they are not going to coin their hearts, and drop their blood for drachmas; not they; there is nothing for them to understand but that the South is united; there is nothing for them to understand but that what the Democrats have told the Northern people is true—that there is a possibility of a dissolution of the Union—to make them turn pale at the prospect.

"Sir, that is the truth, and they know it. They dare not dissolve this Union. Their people would starve if they did. They know it. But they are going on blindly, supposing that, as one of the Senators from Massachusetts [Mr. Wilson] said, this was a farce that we were playing. Farce! I tell you the day is past when farces are played. The players have reached that point when it has got to be farce or tragedy. I rise here not to make any threats; and the clock indicates to me that I have spoken at least an hour and a half longer than I intended; but, as I am up, I believe I will continue; for I may just as well tell the whole story, and I am as much in the humor as I ever shall be again ['go on!']. These people of the North have been misled, and those who have misled them do not believe that we are in earnest. I should be recreant to my duty if I were not to stand here and say that I do not believe, upon my conscience and upon my heart, that a Black Republican can ever be inaugurated President of these United States. Now cut your leashes; turn loose your terriers, and take in your rat-killers; and if we do not go into Boston, into winter quarters, before you ever get into Texas, you may shoot me.

"I should like to know how you are going to conquer the South. You conquer the South! Why, sir, I look around me and I see only one man on the other side of the Chamber, and that is the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Pugh], who has ever seen the flashing of a gun. I do not like to speak of gentlemen in their presence, but there is a man, the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. Davis], who has given a name to one of the arms that is used in our Army—the Mississippi rifle. There sits before me the man [pointing to Mr. Land]—he hangs his head, but not for shame. I thank God, I see around me everywhere here such men. There is the Senator from Texas [Mr. Hemphill]; he and I ate hard bread and salt pork in Florida; we were together fighting the Seminoles the day the battle of independence was fought in Texas. I look on this side, and I see everywhere men who have seen service, and who understand it; on that side I see none.

"You going to conquer us! Blood is a very common fluid. It is worth very little. A man is killed; it does not amount to much; it is really a matter of small consequence to him, to his family, or to the country. Occasionally a man occupies a position, such as Louis Napoleon, that if he were to die at the wrong time, it might create a convulsion; but so far as the masses are concerned, it is matter of very little consequence. If I were to die to-day, it is a mere question whether I cry for my wife or she cries for me. The country or the community are not involved in the question—really not; and I am speaking seriously. As to wars, the military chest is the question. You are going to conquer us, are you? Where are you going to get the money? The Union being dissolved, and your ships knocked out of the carrying trade, we can then put our cotton, our rice, our tobacco, our sugar and our molasses, upon any bottoms that will carry them cheapest. The Senator from Rhode Island over there (Mr. Simmons), I should like to know what he is going to do with his calico. Who is going to buy it? We would not. We could get it cheaper elsewhere. Your manufactories would be broken up. If they were not, to whom would you sell? Your only market is in the South. Well, if you cannot sell to us—and surely you could not if the Union was dissolved—how are your going to make money? How are you going to get any money under custom-house taxation? What are you going to ship abroad? Cotton is king. We can ship our cotton; there is no trouble about it. But perhaps you will say that you will blockade us. In the first place, naval officers like to have a little pay now and then, if only to buy grog with. You cannot keep them in service unless you pay them. How are going to pay them unless you tax your people? Your operatives will have nothing to do; your capitalists will be broken; and whom are you going to tax?"

This idiot talks as if he really supposed that the entire free States did nothing but make shoes and shirting for the slave States, whereas these same free States would be a great deal better off if a wall a thousand feet high ran between them and the South. Mr. Wigfall is one of millions in the South who really believe that nothing is manufactured in the North for home consumption—that books and magazines as well as boots and Yankee notions are sold *only* to slaveholders—whereas the North herself consumes five-sixths of all her manufactures, and produces from the soil, to pay for these manufactures, double the amount, money-value, of the cotton, rice and sugar products of the South, to say the least. It is this miserable delusion which many Southern people have fallen into which encourages this perpetual bluster and threatening to smash the Union up. They think a dissolution would ruin the free States, and, knowing that all men love their pockets very well, believe they can frighten the North into acquiescence in their infamous demands. They forget that the North may be driven by these continued threats to compute the value of this Union—and what if the conclusion arrived at is that the thing *doesn't pay?* Could not the Free Republic easily find in Mexico, the South American republics, and the rest of the world, a free market for all the wares she could spare? But enough of this Wigfall humbug.

You have seen ere this that our Democratic Administration is trying very hard to get up another war with Mexico. The only trouble in the case is that there is nobody in Mexico to fight us. Juarez is a mere tool of the Administration, and Miramon is too weak to venture on a war with any outside power. Failing in the attempt to get up a fight with Mexico, Mr. Buchanan will endeavor to pick a quarrel with Spain, because Spain has been recently aiding Miramon. Very good—suppose she has—has not this government been *openly* aiding Juarez? And if we can aid Juarez, what is to prevent Spain from siding with Miramon?

The simple truth is that the recent conduct of our naval officers at Vera Cruz was atrocious, and they richly deserve hanging. It was such an outrage as one should never dare to perpetrate against an equal. I have a little curiosity to know whether our government would press a war upon either Mexico or Spain if it scented danger of a collision also with England or France! I think not. The Administration is governed by slaveholders, and the slaveholders dare not risk a war with any great power.

I fear many of the Republicans in Congress lack the courage to characterize the conduct of our officers as it deserves. A Presidential contest is at hand, and we must all be very "patriotic," which means "our country, *right or wrong.*" A bold opposition *to all* the schemes of the oligarchs—*more pluck*—would be the salvation of the Republicans, if they could but see it. AVON.

HEALTH OF THEODORE PARKER.—A private letter from Rome, just received, says *The Evening Post*, give the following glimpse:

"Theodore Parker contents himself pretty well, though the climate thus far falls short of what he expected of it. I should say that he held his own, but, under the unfavorable weather, hardly more. With his attentive and devoted wife, and with the assiduous good offices of ——, the ——'s, the ——'s and a host of others, he seems to have the comforts which can minister to his recovery. I meet him every few days out, sunning himself with his wife or with ——, and about once a week spend an evening at his room. His greatest difficulty seems to be with his voice, which is still weak and hoarse, and with his cough, which does not yet quit him."

PORTRAIT OF GIDDINGS.—Miss RANSOM of Ohio, a pupil of Huntington, has painted a portrait of JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, of which *The Evening Post* says: "It is a strong likeness of the veteran, and, in an artistic point of view, is highly complimentary to the lady artist. It will grace the walls of the Academy at the coming exhibition. Miss Ransom is a native of Ohio, and, we believe, from the same county with Mr. Giddings. Her talents, we think, are of a high order; and we venture to prophesy for her a successful future career."

A CALUMNY.—The British *Anti-Slavery Reporter* will be glad to receive our assurance, given on the authority of Dr. Cheever himself, that the statements it copies from *The New York Times* and *The New York Observer*, charging him with tolerating a slaveholder in the Church of the Puritans, are entirely false. The story is one of a multitude by which unscrupulous pro-slavery men are seeking to blacken the good name of Dr. Cheever. It is not unlikely that the original author of the calumny, if he can be found, may be required to answer for it in a court of law.

Summary.

The Illinois House of Assembly has disposed of a bill for restoring the death penalty quite summarily, by laying it on the table by a large majority and without debate.

WOMEN VOTING IN CANADA.—In reply to the question, Can women vote at the elections of school trustees? Dr. Ryerson, Superintendent of Schools in the Upper Province, stated that if they were rated on the collector's roll, there was nothing in the act to prevent them.

MASSACHUSETTS A PENAL COLONY.—A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Louisiana for the transportation of all negroes convicted of capital crimes to the State of Massachusetts. The bill passed its first reading, and was referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

In a Paris court the lawyer who was defending the author of a book on democracy, which had been condemned, began to read some extracts from a modern book. The judge stopped him, saying he could not tolerate the reading of doctrines so subversive. "This book," said the lawyer, "is entitled 'The Extinction of Pauperism,' and its author is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte." The judge bit his lips and told the advocate he might go on.

FAVORABLE NEWS FROM REV. MR. PARKER.—A letter from a young Boston lady in Florence, dated the 22d of Feb., reports having seen the Rev. Mr. Nute, who had just returned from a southern tour in Italy. Mr. Nute, while in Rome, had met Rev. Theodore Parker and party, and reports "that Mr. Parker looked very well, and had strong hopes for himself." Mr. Nute was on his way to Paris.—*Boston Transcript, March 16th.*

Upon the occasion of Thackeray's first lecture in London, he saw, on looking over the house, before going forward to the desk, the well-known person of Macaulay on the third bench from the front. Turning to some friends, he said: "A five-pound note to any man who will get Macaulay out of the house." "Egad, sir," said he, in relating the circumstance, "I felt like a fellow with a sixpence in his pocket, in the banking-house of the Barings."

The Nebraska *Republican*, of the 7th instant, cheers loudly over the victory gained at the late election, on the heels of Gov. Black's veto. The Republican majority is estimated at one thousand, and thirty-two of the fifty-two members, elected to form a State Constitution, are claimed as belonging to the same party. Of these Douglas County has chosen eight. Omaha City has taken the lead. "Even our Irish fellow-citizens," says that journal, "caught up the shouts of freedom, and broke away from the Slave Democracy."

MACAULAY AND MRS. BEECHER STOWE.—Notwithstanding Macaulay's reputation for conversational power, he appears to have uttered few *bon mots*, to have made few conversational points which are repeated and remembered. One of the very few good stories current of him is the following: It is said he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Chas. Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakspeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."

Miss Tennessee Gibson died last week in Arkansas from the effects of snuff-dipping. She fell asleep with the "mop" in her mouth, and was found a corpse some hours after. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that she had swallowed the juice, which was converted into nicotine, a deadly poison. Her lips, cheek and breast were smeared with the foul stuff in her dying struggles, alone in her room. Before she retired, she felt a deadly sickness, having swallowed some of the juice; but as she had used it so long, nothing was thought of her complaint until it was too late.

Owen Stanley, the recognized King of a large band of roving Gipsies in Ohio, died recently at Madison, Indiana, and his remains were taken to Dayton, where they were interred with great ceremonies. Harriet Owen, a Gipsy Queen, was buried at Dayton, some two years ago, and the King was deposited by her side. Roving bands of this singular people gathered at Dayton, from all directions, to participate in the funeral ceremonies, which were of a curious and imposing character, becoming the interment of deceased royalty.

TERRIBLE MUTINY—*Boston, March* 24.—The ship Norway, of New York, Captain Major, when five days out on the passage from Macao to Havana, with about one thousand Coolies, was the scene of a terrible mutiny, in which thirty Coolies were killed and ninety wounded. The fight lasted from 6 p. m. till daylight the next morning, when the Coolies yielded. Captain Major had his wife and two daughters, and also a lady passenger and child, on board. The lady passenger died of fright, and her child expired soon afterward.

RELIC OF BURNS.—Barry, the artist, while on a late visit to Boston, came into possession of a white linen table-cloth, woven fifty years ago, by the wife of Robert Burns, and spread on the caken table in the poet's cottage, on those great occasions when the Edinburgh gentry deigned to honor their protege's home with their patronizing visits. Late in the evening Mr. B. produced the sacred relic, which, of course, underwent the eager and reverential inspection of the company. Then, at the suggestion of a lady present, it was spread in an upper room; lemons and highland whiskey were sent for; a Scotch punch was brewed, and over the table-cloth, hallowed by its associations with the peasant bard, the memory of Burns was drank by all, and Auld Lang Syne sung in due and ancient style.—*Tribune.*

The Southern Confederacy (Hambleton's paper) is enraged at the idea of a Black Republican Convention being held in Virginia, and gives way to its fury thus:

"We have thousands of men in the South who are in secret affiliation with the Black Republican party, and who, if the black standard was to-morrow raised in our midst, would be found fighting under its treasonable folds, lending material 'aid and comfort' to our enemies. Every Southern community owe it to themselves and

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PROPHET.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Day broke—the morning of a mighty year
Came forth, and smiled;
And in its sunny arms like waters clear,
It bore—a child.

Time flew—quick life along his arteries sang;
Love's pulses beat;
And from his burning temples thought outsprang,
And truth, complete.

Time flew—the brightness of a poet's sight
Enlarged his eye;
And strength and courage knit his limbs for fight,
To live or die.

Time flew—sad wisdom from his heart arose,
And touched his brain;
And he stood up, 'mid all a prophet's woes,
And spoke—in vain!

He spoke—men hearkened to his piercing cry,
With smiles, with scorn;
But the dim future felt his threatenings nigh,
And shook—unborn!

He died—and race to race did still succeed,
And suns did shine;
And centuries passed, and still no eye could read
His awful line.

You mourn? Mourn not, nor deem his history vain,
Nor vain his strife;
To breathe, to feel, to hope, are worth the pain
Of death and life:

And now, as generations rise, and far
Like vapors roll,
Some few begin to gaze, as on a star,
And scan his scroll;

And in its inspiration, vaguely shown,
We seem to trace
The march of revolutions, come and flown,
And of man's race

The history. Amidst blots, of blood and tears,
The verses run,
Until we lose their light in distant years,
And—all is done!

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Helen Norton had been stricken down by the rapid development of that most insidious of diseases—consumption—the seeds of which she had borne in her system from her very birth. Madge knew, at the first glance, how the case stood, and that her dearest friend's life trembled upon a very hair. The house looked gloomy and cold, as though it participated in the knowledge of the painful secret. Madge felt the death chill, the ominous foreboding fall upon her as she stood on the door-sill. The shutters were closed, the bell muffled, and within persons moved on tip-toe, and never spoke above a whisper. In the darkened hall, she met the doctor, who silently clasped her hand and hastily passed out. The servants moved carefully about with tears in their anxious eyes. Madge asked no questions, but paused a moment in the library to regain her self-possession. As she sat there alone, ten thousand happy little incidents and pleasant passages in hers and Helen's life-long intercourse came over her mind and heart. She remembered, with a passionate sadness, how Helen had always sympathized with her, responded in heart and spirit to all her whims, dreams and fancies, and yielded her, alike in joy or sorrow, the most friendly interest; and now, this friend, so tried and true, so near and dear, was about to be taken from her.

"Oh," she thought, "anything but this. How can I live without Helen? Who should I go to with all my little sorrows and troubles? Not to papa, for he would only laugh at them; not to Mr. Butler; he is too cold and dignified. They will have to die out in my own heart. Helen is my only sympathizer. Certainly, God will not take her from me. He will spare me this my great, almost my greatest treasure. I will pray to Him. I will ask for this one blessing to be granted awhile longer to me. I remember mamma and the good old minister both said that I should go to God with my troubles. I will take this one to Him, and if He, indeed, observes the fall of every sparrow, and numbers each hair on my head, He will consider kindly this heavy bolt that is about to crush me. 'Come unto me, ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

She knelt down beside the sofa where she and Helen had so often sat together, and, with streaming eyes, poured out her troubled heart in prayer to Heaven. The very effort gave her relief, for it roused the two strongest powers of her soul—faith and hope. Soon a sweet peace, soft and subduing as summer moonlight, settled over her, and, with calmness, almost resignation, she rose from that moment's communion with God, and went to the chamber of her sick friend.

Pale and wasted, with dark purple lines about her mouth and eyes, features sharply contracted, Helen Norton lay upon her bed of death. The room was darkened. It was Helen's own pretty little chamber, full of happy, familiar associations, but how altered it looked to Madge now! A small table, filled with phials and pill-boxes, was drawn close to the bedside, and near by sat Mr. Norton, his hand resting gently upon his wife's head. Old Milly, the colored nurse, stood near, applying bottles of boiling water to Helen's feet, and everything was so still that Madge heard audibly the ticking of a watch that lay upon the table with the medicine.

Helen moved slightly as Madge approached.

"Is it you, dear Madge?" she murmured in a half whisper.

The sound of that voice made Madge start, it was so fearfully uttered.

"Helen, dear Helen!" and Madge bent down to kiss the purple lips so dried and shrunken.

"Be gentle," said Mr. Norton, "and do not lean over her; she must have all the air this small room affords."

"Oh! don't send her away; let her stay close to me," added Helen, with a fluttering breath.

"Here, Madge, here"; and she took her hand and laid it over her heart. "Do you feel how quickly it beats, dear? Well, the wheel will soon break; a watch of such rapid and irregular motion does not last long. Don't try to conceal your tears, Madge. I know, dear, that your heart aches. Let me rather have a free and open expression of your grief; it will do me no harm and you some good. I am now willing to die. A few months ago, I found it hard to yield a ready assent to God's call; but now I am cheerful and resigned. I have had a very happy life—always surrounded by the dearest and best of friends; and, most of all, highest among God's many great blessings to me do I reckon the possession of such a friend as my husband has been to me." Here she reached out her other hand, which Mr. Norton immediately clasped within his and covered it with kisses. "Only think, John," she added, turning her eyes toward him, "into what heavenly paths you have led my footsteps! Who but you taught me to love truth, justice and humanity above all creeds and dogmas? Who but you, dearest and best of husbands, opened my eyes to the great wrong which I was silently encouraging? You took my heart, and, by your plastic hand, moulded it to better uses. I owe you everything, higher honor, truer love, a broader humanity. Oh, John, when you come to follow me and lie upon your death-couch, the remembrance of the good you have done at least to me will be as a lamp to your feet or a star of promise to your closing lie. And, Madge, you owe something also to his influence; and when I am gone—which will surely be in a few days—I hope that you and he will be kind friends—talk together of me, and think, if possible, my spirit shall be near you. Do not grieve; think only of me as gone upon a pleasant voyage, whither you shall ere long follow; think how hopefully I shall await your coming on the other side of the line, beyond the shining river. It would have given me pleasure unspeakable to have lived long enough to see the liberation of our slaves; but I cannot be spared so long. Well, God orders all things aright, and I can cheerfully submit; yet I had hoped to be spared that long. I intended that the day of their liberation should be made one of rejoicing and feasting. How proudly and happily my heart would have throbbed as I gazed upon the faces of those whom I had the power to make free! It is a great thing to turn a chattel into a man, or rather to give back to a man his truest right to himself, of which he had before been defrauded; but all this I shall not live to see or feel. Yet, my husband, I am happy to think you will have the right to do it, and in your joy I shall bear a part, though divided from you by the poor limits of a grass-grown grave. Who is that sobbing? Is it you, mammy?" she inquired, turning to the old colored nurse who was weeping violently. "Don't cry, mammy," she continued; "don't cry for me; you shall soon be happy and free. Will you like to be free? Why don't you answer me? Pray don't cry so. Tell me, will you be happy in your freedom?"

With a great effort, and in a voice broken and stifled with tears and sobs, the old negro replied,

"Don't ax me, Miss Hel'n; don't ax me; 'pears like my heart 'll break smack in two. I hain't got no thought 'bout freedom now. No, you Lord-blessed-chile, I am jist studyin' 'bout gittin' you well; never mind 'bout us niggers, honey; jist study 'bout yourself, and try to git well. I had heap rayther have you 'an freedom. Laws, Miss Hel'n, don't take on 'bout dese here things, but git yer mind easy, an' de Lord 'll fetch it out right. I've done bin to Him wid dis here case, an' I knows He'll spar' you; so don't git yourself weak talkin' 'bout dat."

"But, mammy, that's no answer to my question. Shall you like to be free?"

Wiping her eyes, and brightening her countenance, the negro replied,

"Why, Laws bless yer, honey, freedom is sweet to everybody—its mighty sweet. 'Pears to me nothin' is half so sweet. I look out in the poultry yard at them 'ar fowls—I looks in the stables at the horses, and in the cuppen at de cows an' dem little skittish calves, an' I see how dem poor dumb critters loves freedom, an' I studies 'bout it to myself, an' I keeps on studyin', an' I think de Lord must 'ave put dis love o' freedom into everything be made. Yes, Miss Hel'n, I'd love to be free; I'd love it for myself; I'd like to die free; but den I studies heap more 'bout my cbillen an' gran'-chillen how to have 'em, for dey is young; you have 'em made free, an' I'd stay a slave myself. Oh, Miss Hel'n, it's powerful kind o' you to gib up all dis property, to be willin' to be poor, so as to make yer niggers free; but de Lord Jesus, he takes notice of dis here; He ain't gwine to forgit it either, an' so I don't feel oneasy 'bout yer; yer ain't gwine to suffer, for He'll be lookin' to yer. But, den, I ain't gwine to 'low my boys, great stout fellows, to take dar freedom from you an' not make no return. No, that wouldn't be fa'r. Dey shall work every year, an' pay you so much for 'emselves, an' it'll be a-helpin' yer along. God knows, it's good enuff of you to give 'em dar freedom. Now, Miss Hel'n, I kan't stand dis; 'twill break my heart!" And, with her apron over her face and her body writhing as if in a paroxysm of pain, she rushed out of the room. Pretty soon, however, she returned, with an additional bottle of hot water.

"How is it now, honey, wid yer feet? Oh, dey is gettin' colder; does you feel dis bottle? It's bilin'-hot. How does it feel? don't burn? I's feared it's too hot."

"I don't feel it, mammy."

"Don't feel it, chile! Why, it's bilin'; I kan't keep my hands to it; but here yer poor little foot lies by it an' don't move. Oh, God o' mercy! yer foot is stiff an' cold. Somebody run for de doctor." And again she rushed from the room, no doubt to despatch a messenger for the physician, whom she believed almost capable of restoring the very dead.

"Poor old mammy," said Helen, "she doesn't realize how near I am to death. Be gentle and kind to her, John, for she was always a faithful nurse to me. Oh that I could live to see them all free people!"

"Can't the deeds of manumission be drawn up at once?" asked Madge of Mr. Norton. "What is the hindrance? Why can't she have this pleasure at once? I am sure some exertion should be made to gratify her."

"I wish it were possible," answered Mr. Norton, "but we found the estate in such a complicated and vexed condition that such a thing is utterly impossible for two or three months yet, at the nearest calculation. My dear wife knows how much joy it would afford me to bring her this happiness; but Helen is not going yet; she will get well, she will grow better, when I shall take her to a softer climate; and we shall keep her for many more years."

The dying wife only answered by a long and fervent pressure of the hand.

Late that night, near about twelve o'clock, which had been her birth-hour, Helen Norton breathed her last.

Her husband, mother, the doctor and Madge, together with the old colored nurse, were the only persons with her. Softly and gently as a child sinking to sleep she died. Madge held one hand, while the grieved husband firmly clasped the other, as if disputing with death his right to such lovely and precious prey.

"Am I dying, doctor?" she asked, as that good man's hand rested for a moment upon the slow pulse.

"Yes, my child."

"May I use my strength to say goodbye?"

"Better not."

"If it grieves you so, my friends, I will not speak; but do stand near me; let me look into your eyes; let me take with me to my new home the remembrance of your happy faces. Don't let me see them gloomy or unhopeful. I know that is mammy sobbing so piteously: tell her to control her grief or go out of the room, for now I am too weak to bear it."

The doctor motioned to the nurse to leave; but, crouching down upon the floor close to the bed, and clinging to a portion of its drapery, as though it brought her into closer contact with her young mistress, the woman muffled her sobs, and, by a strong effort, controlled her grief.

Mrs. Mason, who was almost as near death as Helen, sat, propped with cushions, in a great chair near the bed, her face concealed amid the pillows, while her grief fretted itself to rest in one of those strange trance like dreams. In spite of Madge's and Mr. Norton's opposition, she had insisted upon being brought into the room and remaining with her daughter; but nature and grief both gave way, and she now slept, while the grim and shadowy monster, with wing unfolded, stole away her dearest treasure.

"Goodbye, dears; goodbye; don't forget——"

The sentence was unfinished, for Helen Mason's breath failed; her spirit had left the body. Madge sank upon her knees, burying her face in her hands. The frantic husband forgot his self-collection, and bewailed his loss in loud words and bitter tears. But poor old mammy was fiercest in the expression of her grief; she tore her turban, wrung her hands and prayed aloud for mercy to fall upon the house. Mrs. Mason was carried from the room in a fainting fit.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

ADDRESS TO THE REV. S. J. MAY.

To the Editor of The London Inquirer.

Dear Sir: In the report which appeared in *The Inquirer* of the Tenterden District Meeting, mention was made of the address to the Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, with reference to his devoted efforts for the removal of the crime and peril of slavery from the United States. The address was adopted before the news of the Harper's Ferry affair reached this country. Mr. May left Liverpool for America about the time of the wreck of the Royal Charter. His many friends in England, therefore, were extremely anxious on his account until they heard of his safe arrival.

I send you a copy of the Tenterden Address, and Mr. May's reply, feeling that they will be read with interest by many of Mr. May's friends in our own denomination and out of it, who honor his noble efforts, and who are anxious for the true and lasting prosperity of the United States. I am, dear sir, yours truly, Edw. Talbot.

Tenterden, Jan. 28, 1860.

To the Rev. S. J. May, Syracuse, U. S. A.

Beloved and honored Brother in Christ—We, the Unitarians of Tenterden and the surrounding districts, many of whom have had the pleasure of seeing you face to face, and who had hoped, if your engagements had permitted, to have listened to your Christian counsels on this our annual gathering, cannot assemble without expressing the gratification which your sojourn among us has afforded.

Your earnest words from the pulpit will be long remembered; and the warm place you made for yourself in our hearts will never grow cold.

Leaving our shores at a period unprecedentedly stormy, many an anxious thought has followed you, as you traversed the great deep, and many a silent prayer been offered up to "Him who ruleth the whirlwind and guideth the storm," that you might reach in safety your native land, and be given back with renewed health and strength to your family, and to the people among whom you have so long and faithfully labored in the Lord.

Allow us, dear friend, as Englishmen, to thank you for the love and regard which you have shown to those who from this district have made the United States the land of their adoption. On both sides of the Atlantic we are one in blood. The true interests of both our beloved countries are the same. One cannot suffer but the other must suffer with it, nor one prosper without the other sharing in the blessing.

This close and indissoluble connection causes us to contemplate with deep interest and anxiety those sources of weakness and peril to your great empire springing from the existence of slavery. We allude not now to the material loss thus caused, nor to the jealousy with regard to political power thus arising between the Northern and Southern States, but to the weakening of the foundations of your powerful and spreading republic through the neglect of that righteousness between man and man, without regard to which the Great Ruler of nations has permitted no people to be permanently prosperous, or safe, or free.

Though in this respect Old England has repented, by abolishing slavery in her colonies, she has reason to mourn that her own evil example has entailed loss and danger and the stain of moral wrong on that eldest son of hers of whom she is most proud. For the love she bears her first-born she prays that he also may imitate her repentance, that by the example of two powerful empires, teaching and reforming each other by a holy rivalry, true freedom, civil, social and religious, both of nations and individuals, may prevail throughout the world.

Allow us, dear friend, to express our admiration of your conduct with regard to this great question as a man, a patriot, and a Christian, and may the wish nearest to your heart be accomplished speedily and peaceably. May all born on the soil of the United States breathe the breath of freedom, and love their country, and be willing to live and die for it as the parent and protector of their common, equal and inalienable rights.

Commending you and yours, dear brother, to the care of the Almighty Father, we remain, truly and affectionately, your brothers and sisters in Christ.

Signed on behalf of the meeting,

Edward Talbot, Chairman.
John Ellis Mace, Deacon.
Edgar Winser, Secretary.

Tenterden, Nov. 10, 1859.

Reply.

Syracuse, Feb. 6, 1860.

Beloved and honored Brethren in Christ: Your gracious letter of Nov. 10th was brought home by our friend, Mr. Barnes, on the eve of Christmas, and was, I assure you, a most acceptable present. I should have replied to it ere this, but for the multitude of claims upon my time and my pen that have pressed me on every side since my return.

Would that I deserved all the commendation you are pleased to bestow upon my words while in England, and my acts as a man and a Christian minister in my own country. That I espoused the anti-slavery cause among the first, and have never since abated my interest in it, is true. But if the little I have been able to say and do in behalf of four millions of slaves in my own country has attracted your notice and has seemed to you to call for emphatic praise, it must be because of the delinquency of too, too many of the ministers in these United States. And this brings before me the saddest fact of all, showing how deeply the cancer of slavery has eaten into our body politic, and body ecclesiastic—that the ministers of religion and the Churches called Christian are so thoroughly corrupted by it. I still hope and pray that the Christians in Great Britain and Ireland, of all denominations, will press upon their affiliated sects in this country more earnestly than ever their remonstrances; for almost all sects here are more or less guilty of the sin of slavery.

I am very grateful for the truly friendly spirit towards my country which breathes throughout your epistle. Indeed, we are one. God grant that the ties which in his providence have encircled us may never be severed or weakened, but that they may draw us into closer and closer union, until all who speak the English language, and have learned the will of the Heavenly Father from the pages of the English Bible, may be known and felt throughout the world as the uncompromising advocates of the God-given rights of all men.

Truly and affectionately your brother in Christ,

Samuel J. May.

To the Unitarians of Tenterden and its Vicinity.

Mr. Edgar Winser, Secretary of the Meeting of Tenterden and the surrounding district.

From The Utica Morning Herald.

SONNET—TO MATTIE GRIFFITH.

BY C. S. PERCIVAL.

"Miss Mattie Griffith of Kentucky, whose entire property consisted in slaves, emancipated them all. The noble-hearted girl wrote to me: 'I shall go forth into the world penniless; but I shall live with an easy conscience.'"—Lydia Maria Child.

When all the valleys of thy sweet South-West
Were whilom vocal with thy chanted name,
The triple crown of genius, beauty, fame,
I saw upon thy radiant temples pressed;
Nor dreamed that there a brighter wreath would rest,
Till forth to meet thee shining angels came,
And hailed thee seraph with their glad acclaim.
But lo! while earth is with thy presence blest,
Upon thy youthful brow a wreath I see,
As pure and bright as angel ever viewed—
The amaranth crown of sweet philanthropy!
Kept fresh and green, and evermore bedewed
For all the ages of eternity,
With heart-warm tears of human gratitude!

Westmoreland, N. Y.

THE LAST OF THE MARTYRS OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Of one of these prisoners, Hazlett, but little has been made known to the public—not even his true name, which was not Hazlett, but Harrison. He was one of the youngest of Capt. Brown's companions, and remarked, while in prison, that on the day of his execution, March 16th, his age would be exactly 22 years 22 weeks and 22 days. He had a serious and thoughtful mind, yet was fond of adventure, and often exhibited much personal courage. Of his views and purposes against slavery, he wrote in a letter, on the day before his death, these honorable words:

"I am willing to die in the cause of Liberty. If I had ten thousand lives, I would willingly lay them all down for the same cause. My death will do more good than if I had lived."

Aaron Dwight Stevens was a more remarkable man. He was regarded by Capt. Brown as his most reliable lieutenant. He seems to have inherited his revolutionary principles from his great-grandfather, who once presided at a public meeting in Pomfret, Ct., in furtherance of the American War of Independence, and who sent a personal gift of £20 sterling to Gen. Washington at Valley Forge. What could be expected of a young man in whose family had been transmitted, through four successive generations, so signal an example of sedition?

Stevens was born and bred a Yankee boy, in Norwich, Ct.; lost his mother, and left home at an early age; earned by his industry an honest living and a good name; took up arms in Kansas in defence of her freedom, and took up arms against Virginia to liberate her slaves. On the day before his execution he reached his twenty-ninth year. His personal appearance was in no small degree prepossessing. A recent photograph, taken in his cell, represents a face remarkable for an intelligent, amiable and benevolent expression. He had large blue eyes, and auburn hair and beard. He was noted among his friends for the animation, and oftentimes brilliancy, of his conversational powers. He was a favorite in social companies as a singer. His father, Mr. Aaron Stevens, of Norwich (choir-leader in the Rev. Mr. Arms's Congregational church), says of him: "My son had one of the finest bass voices I ever heard." He was of a kind and sympathetic nature, which led him always to take the side of the innocent and wronged. Any specially kind act from friend or stranger would move him to tears. Writing from prison to a person who had befriended him during his sufferings, he said: "I believe I shall be killed with kindness sooner than in any other way."

His sister, Mrs. Pierce, of Norwich (a lady who, though considerably younger, bears a striking resemblance both in face and figure to the wife of Capt. Brown), visited the prisoner at Charlestown, and held repeated interviews with him during the last eight days preceding the execution. The jailer, Capt. Avis, allowed her every facility of access, without being compelled by military orders (as in the case of Mrs. Brown) to search her person for hidden weapons or poisons. Indeed, there seems to have been no foundation even for a suspicion that either of the prisoners desired to make so poor a choice of deaths as to take suicide in preference to the scaffold.

On her arrival at Charlestown, before her first entrance into the cell, Capt. Avis considerately removed the chains from the prisoner's feet, that he might not be unnecessarily reminded of the discomfort of his confinement. Stevens, in speaking afterwards to his sister of this act, said of Capt. Avis: "He is the finest man in Virginia; there is not another like him." A photograph which we have seen of Capt. Avis shows a face of unmistakable decision, courage and kindness.

"I asked my brother," said Mrs. Pierce, "what was his intention in going to Harper's Ferry."

"It was for good," he replied; "it was to help my fellow-men out of bondage. You know nothing of slavery—*I* know a great deal. It is the crime of crimes. I hate it more and more, the longer I live. Even since I have been lying in this cell, I have heard the cryings of slave-children torn from their parents."

He then narrated, in detail, that during his imprisonment a woman had been sold in the jail, and separated from her husband and three children. He stated also that in the family of the jailer was a slave girl who had run away from a severe mistress on account of unkind treatment, and who fled for refuge to Mrs. Avis, by whom her time was bought, and by whom she will eventually be set free.

During one of Mrs. Pierce's visits, a Virginian called to see the prisoners in order to tell them that the slaves at the South were in a better condition than the poor people of the North.

"I am poor myself," replied Stevens, "but I never yet saw the day, in all my life, when I would have exchanged liberty for riches."

On another occasion, his sister asked if he had been roused to a bitter or revengeful spirit, under his wounds and during his imprisonment; to which he replied—

"No; for I believe I can truly say that I love every man, woman and child on earth; I can forgive the man who hangs me. When we went to Harper's Ferry, we had no intention to injure a single human being; our design was to free the slaves without bloodshed, just as we had done in Missouri; we carried rifles and pikes only for self-defence, and to inspire, by the appearance of military force, a fear of resisting us in our project. I think that no man was killed by any of our party until after I was shot down while bearing a flag of truce. Some of the Virginians were killed by their own party, by mistake. As for myself, I did not shed a single drop of blood, except from my own wounds."

Stevens was pierced in different parts of his body, by six bullets, two of which he carried, lodged in his neck, to the grave.

"I am glad," he said, after a reference by his sister to the great pain which he had suffered, "I am glad that I did not die of my wounds; for I believe that my execution upon the gallows will be a better testimony for truth and liberty."

His sister sang with him several hymns, among which his favorites were the following:

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,"
"To-day the Savior calls,"
"We're travelling home to heaven above."

He was so greatly comforted and cheered by his sister's companionship that on one occasion he said to her,

"I may ask you to go on the scaffold with me; and if I do, I want you to go." This he said playfully.

His moral courage under his trial and in view of death is clearly manifest in his numerous letters written in prison, many of which we have seen. The following extracts are equal to the best sayings in the letters of Capt. Brown:

Dec. 17th.—"I wish you a long life and a happy one, and in your last days the thought of having helped the world forward instead of back."

"The bouquet you sent me is very beautiful. I have hung it up south of the window, over the little table I have to write upon. It always has a smile of love and kindness."

Jan. 31st.—"My trial comes on to-morrow. I shall soon know my destiny. I have not much hope short of anything but the better land."

Feb. 5th.—"I hope your soul is so strong that sorrow cannot find a lodging there. I am cheerful and happy, patiently awaiting the fate of man—Death."

Feb. 19th.—"I could bear all the sorrow of the world, if I had it on my shoulders."

March 12th.—"It makes my soul overflow with sorrow to see men with great talents use them in defending what is both a curse to themselves and to all mankind."

"I have had a glorious time with my sister here: she is such a bundle of nerves that I am almost ashamed of myself when compared with her. There is no greater joy on earth, for me, than to see a noble woman; for in her I see more of God than in anything else."

"I hope you will always, as you love yourself, as you love woman, as you love man, as you love God, work with hands, head and heart for the happiness of all mankind."

On the afternoon before the fatal day, a new visitor was admitted as a welcome guest into the cell—Miss Jennie Dunbar, an intelligent and amiable young woman from Ashtabula County, Ohio—who had just been to Richmond on a fruitless errand to the Governor to plead for the prisoner's life. Her coming was not unexpected to Stevens, for frequent letters had passed between them, of such a character as had served to strengthen a friendship which, though it was not (as stated in the newspapers) an affianced love, was only made stronger by separation and misfortune. The prisoner regretted that she should have lost so much of the last remaining precious time, by going a useless journey to fall on her knees before an unpitying Governor of an unpitying State. She says that she had buoyed herself up with the hope of obtaining a pardon until the moment of her entering the Governor's office in the Capitol; "but," said she, "the moment I looked into his eye, I saw that there was nothing in him to which I could make an appeal." It is sufficient to say that she was coldly received and coldly dismissed by the Governor, who had already taken the pains to say that he could not save the prisoner's life, and that he would not if he could.

Of the affecting interview in prison during Thursday afternoon and evening, the public has no right to know the secrets or the sorrows; and we will not lift the veil to disclose the scene.

On Friday morning the two prisoners, in company with the two ladies and a brother of Hazlett, newly arrived, took breakfast at one table in the passage-way of the prison, before a final separation. Mrs. Pierce, on entering the cell, was so overcome by the sudden realization of her final visit, that she hastily retired until she could return with more composed feelings. Miss Dunbar burst into tears, but was soon calmed by her friend's greater cheerfulness of spirits. The interview was brief, at Stevens's own request. At an hour which he himself had previously appointed, a carriage was driven to the jail to convey the visitors away from the town before the preparations for the execution were begun.—Theodore Tilton, *in The Independent.*

LETTER FROM R. J. HINTON.

From The Boston Traveller.

[A correspondent, who was one of the early settlers of Kansas, furnishes us with the following:]

Boston, March 16, 1860.

Editors of The Traveller: Aaron D. Stevens was born at Norwich, Connecticut, where his aged parents still reside. His age was about twenty-eight. Stevens was one of the finest specimens of manly strength and vigor that I have ever seen. About six feet in height, and finely proportioned, with erect carriage, a quick action and generous soul, he would always be chosen as a leader in perilous enterprises. His head was large, and his voice like a bugle.

His active and daring spirit early induced him to leave home. At eighteen years of age he joined the American army, and was employed in the Dragoon service. He saw considerable service in New Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, among the Indian tribes. In the spring of 1855, an officer of Stevens's company committed a brutal and unjustifiable assault upon a fellow-soldier who was unable to protect himself. The injustice fired Stevens, and he struck down his cowardly superior. For this he was brought in chains to Fort Leavenworth, and there confined. Knowing that the result of the court-martial would be a sentence of death, Stevens succeeded in freeing himself of his fetters, and breaking from his jail.

He fled to Topeka, and there, assuming the name of Whipple, took a claim and settled down. The difficulties broke out; Whipple joined the Free State forces; a regiment was raised, composed of Topeka "boys," of which Whipple was elected Colonel. His military knowledge, strength and manliness made him a general favorite. He was one of the best drill masters in the Free State ranks. Gen. Lane held him in high esteem. When Gen. Lane left Kansas, in September of '56, disbanding the forces in pursuance of Gov. Geary's proclamation, Stevens (Whipple) commanded his escort, a party of forty mounted men.

An incident occurred on this march which shows the education which Kansas has forced her sons through, better than anything else I have heard. Stevens supported what was known as the Free White State doctrine; that is, he was opposed to allowing colored people to reside within the State boundaries, either as bond or free. An inhuman policy, having its origin, as Gen. Lane has since said, "in the basest prejudices generated by slavery." Our friend was a "Black Law Man," *par excellence.* When Gen. Lane was leaving the territory, James Redpath was coming into it, in command of a party of one hundred and twenty Northern emigrants. In Nebraska, near the Kansas border, a couple of fugitive slaves came into the emigrant camp. Lane camped near the same night. Hearing of the negroes being under Redpath's protection, Lane's men, nearly all of whom were negro-haters, demanded that they should be returned to bondage, in order to prove to Missouri that it was not for the slave, but the white man, the people of Kansas were fighting. Stevens was delegated to convey their wish to Redpath. He spent two hours in endeavoring to urge that gentleman to do this wrong. It is needless to say that he was not successful. The Colonel rode off in high dudgeon, and that night Gen. Lane secretly assisted the fugitives across the Missouri River to Iowa. This circumstance is quite in contrast with the rescue of the slaves in Missouri, and the attempts at Harper's Ferry. Yet I have no doubt that Stevens was equally as honest then, though not so high up on the plane of progress, as when he, but a few hours since, stood on a Virginia scaffold.

In the fall of '57, Stevens left Topeka, with nine others, and in company with John Brown, for Springdale, Cedar Co., Iowa, where the company studied military science and drilled under Stevens. This is a Quaker settlement.

After the Chatham (Canada) Convention, in which he took a prominent part, Stevens went to Ohio for some months, and finally joined Capt. Brown in Southern Kansas, about October, 1858. He took an active part with Montgomery, in resisting the attempts of the Democracy to drive out and murder the anti-slavery men of Linn and Bourbon Counties. He was one of the foremost in the rescue of Ben. Rice from unjust imprisonment in Fort Scott, himself and Kagi being with Montgomery at the head of the storming party of twenty men, who seized the building wherein Rice was confined.

Stevens led one party, while Capt. Brown led the other, on the night when eleven slaves were rescued from Missouri bondage. David Cruse, a slaveholder, resisting the emancipators, was shot down, in all probability, by Stevens's hand. He had been warned that such would be his fate if he resisted, and he met it. Stevens was with Capt. Brown in that celebrated exodus from Missouri to Canada.

At Harper's Ferry he was second in command. He was in command of the party that arrested Col. Washington and others. He had command, on Monday, of the ground in front of the Arsenal gate, and it was while engaged in arresting workmen that the following language was used:

"By whose authority do you do this?" was asked by an indignant prisoner.

"By the authority of God Almighty!" was the electric response that came ringing from Stevens, silencing all complaint, and overawing the listeners by the earnestness and fire of the tones.

Albert Hazlett, born in Indiana County, Pennsylvania, was about twenty-four years of age at the time of his martyrdom. He came to Kansas in the spring of '57, and settled in Bourbon County. He soon became enlisted with Montgomery in the defensive operations of that period, and proved himself a brave and efficient soldier.

In the winter of '58—'59, after the rescue of the Missouri slaves, Kagi was in command in the South. Hazlett was an officer under him. He displayed the utmost coolness and daring on several occasions—among others, repelling with ten men a force of eighty, acting as a pretended U. S. Marshal's posse, retreating successfully over bad ground. Hazlett was next to Stevens in command at the Ferry, and it was probably a bullet from his Sharp's rifle which killed Geo. Turner. The latter was in the act of raising his rifle, when a shot from the emancipators laid him low.

Hazlett was tall and slender, of nervous sanguine temperament, lithe and active, with small and sharp oval features, very fair hair, and florid complexion. He was always esteemed among his comrades as an honest, upright man, a social companion, and possessed an intelligent mind.

R. J. Hinton.

MRS. STANTON ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Albany, March 20, 1860.

The speech on Woman's Rights, yesterday afternoon, by Mrs. Elisabeth Cady Stanton, was one of the marked features of this session. The Assembly chamber was densely crowded, and her remarks throughout were listened to with close attention. She said that certain rights were conferred by nature upon mankind, which were inalienable, and which no human power can take away. Some persons say that there is no right except that guaranteed by the law. If the law made mankind at the same time that it created his rights, that would be very true; but as God, not the human law, made man, so God, not the human law, has the power to define man's rights. Logic, common sense, everything points to a perfect equality between the sexes. Washington and the Declaration of Independence said that every citizen of this Republic is free—that every citizen has a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Can you call any one free who has no property—who has no right to her earnings or her person? She called the attention of the gentlemen who now interest themselves so much in the slaves of the South to a parallel which she drew between the condition of Cuffee and the condition of woman. Cuffee has no name: he is Cuffee Jones or Cuffee Smith, just as Jones or Smith may own him. Woman has no name: she is Mrs. John Doe or Mrs. Richard Roe, just as it may happen. Woman pays the penalty of her crime. Why should she not have a voice in making the laws? Do you say that she is represented? Your own statute books condemn you. They show that you have been untrue to the high and holy trust that you have usurped. But if she is represented by her husband, father or brother, then let her husband, father or brother pay her taxes and pay the penalty of her crimes. But you don't do this. You send around your taxgatherers to the poor widow and exact the last cent. Why not pass her by and seek out her representative—her brother, husband or father? But you say that you do not want to subject women to the grossness of every-day public life, to the coarse jest to be heard at the polls. You are kind, but short-seeing. Does not woman associate at home with the man in all his type, from the statesman and the orator to the lowlived and licentious sot? Can her feelings be hurt more by the jest which she would hear at the polls than by the taunts and blows of the drunken husband? But you say God made woman to occupy a lower sphere than man. She is of a different and lower nature, indeed. Then, you being of a different nature, are not fit to make laws for her. Give us, not a House of Lords and Commons, as in England, but a House of Lords and a House of Ladies—an upper and lower house. Woman does not ask man to make laws for her. She does not even ask him to protect her—God has provided for her protection. Woman pities man and does not desire to be a millstone around his neck any longer. Let her alone—that is all she asks. She does not ask you to give her special grants, but simply to let her, when she earns, by great industry, fifty cents per day, buy bread and clothing for her children, instead of compelling her to purchase champagne and cigars for her lord, master and legal representative. She thanked the Legislature for their magnanimity in passing the law in relation to woman's earnings, and hoped that they would go a little further, and give to her her natural right of enjoying the elective franchise. In relation to divorces she drew an eloquent picture of the delicate and refined woman joined for life to the degraded, drunken man, and asked, could any one believe that these matches were made in Heaven? Horace Greeley had said so, and *The Tribune* had been eloquent for several weeks upon the holy garments of such marriages. But all wisdom does not live and will not die with Horace Greeley. Man makes a standard of womanhood. And such a standard!—a creature, without rights—a thing, very nice to look at—an obedient, quiet slave. But such women are not fit to be mothers, companions or counsellors of wise or good men.

There was a great deal of enthusiasm manifested by the ladies present during her remarks, at the close of which she received warm congratulations from her own sex.—*Cor. Herald.*

AT SEA.

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

The night was made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep.
Childlike as then, I lie to-night
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels,
And o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp,
With every shock she feels;
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns;

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies,
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go,
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O, hand of God! O, lamp of peace!
O, promise of my soul!
Though weak and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas—
The ship's convulsive roll—
I own, with love and tender awe,
Yon perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms!
My soul is filled with light!
The ocean sings his soleran psalms;
The wild winds chant; I cross my palms;
Happy as if to-night
Under the cottage roof again
I heard the soothing summer rain.

HONORS PAID TO JOHN BROWN IN HAYTI.

COMMUNAL COUNCIL AUX CAYES.

Translated for The Liberator.

Monsieur: In accordance with the desire of the people of Cayes, the Communal Council notifies you that a funeral mass will be performed, at the parish church of that city, on Thursday, the 26th of the present month, at eight o'clock in the morning, in memory of John Brown, the illustrious victim at Harper's Ferry.

The Council salutes you affectionately.

Magistrate of the Communal,
Ducoste.

Aux Cayes, Jan. 20, 1860.

ORDER OF EXERCISES,

For the Funeral Ceremonies of John Brown.

On the 26th, from six o'clock in the morning until noon, the flag-staffs on the harbor and in the city will be hung in black.

At eight o'clock, the people will assemble at the church. At half-past seven, the officers of all the regiments, the public functionaries, and the foreign consuls, will meet at the quarters of the Commandant of the district. At eight o'clock, the procession, after forming in the usual manner, will go to the church.

After mass, the whole procession will accompany the Commandant of the district to his quarters.

Done at the Council Chamber, Jan. 20th, 1860—57th year of Independence.

Magistrate of the Communal,
Ducoste.

To our Fellow-Citizens: Let us repeat the cry which humanity has uttered by the voice of one of her champions, Hugo!

Let us second the energetic appeal of one journalist, Heurtelou!

In order that all the inhabitants of the district of Cayes, and of the surrounding country, may have a perfect knowledge of the sorrowful drama which excites the indignation of the world, we take upon ourselves the task of explaining, in a few words, who was this wonderful man, who has immortalized his name by an effort in behalf of the liberty of our race? This extraordinary man is John Brown; a white man widely known; an abolitionist; always in the breach. He taught union and concord to all men, in showing us that being brethren, we ought to love each other as such, and to do unto others as we would they should do unto us.

In 1858, this indefatigable apostle of Liberty did not shrink from the heroic mission of going into the Southern States of America, and taking away slaves, by main force, in order to send them to Canada, where they are now enjoying their freedom. Last year, still persevering in the accomplishment of so sublime a work, he wished to strike a final blow, and break the chains of more than four millions of slaves! (1) Providence judged otherwise. The Most High has willed to delay the hour of our brethren's deliverance, but that deliverance is sure. John Brown has fallen a victim to his devotion. The brutal States of the South of the Union have sacrificed, on the scaffold, this unfortunate man,